

The TATLER

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November 1, 1939



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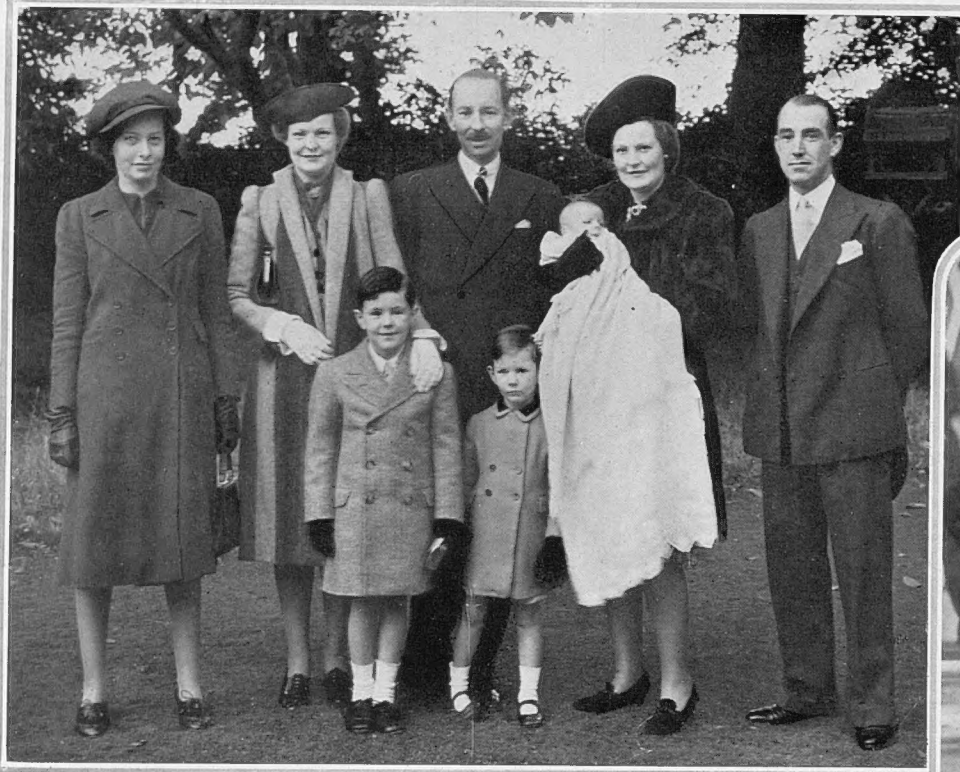
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W. Dennis Moss

PRINCE EDWARD & PRINCESS ALEXANDRA—THEIR MOST RECENT PORTRAIT

This charming study of the two children of the Duke and Duchess of Kent was taken the other day at the place where they are staying in the safety of the country. The Duke of Kent has thrown himself wholeheartedly into a full programme of visiting centres of work of national importance chiefly in connexion with the navy and shipping, and is constantly seen in the uniform of the Senior Service in which he grew up



THE CHRISTENING OF SIR FREDERICK AND LADY RAWLINSON'S DAUGHTER AT FRANKFORT MANOR

Coe, Norwich

Frankfort is Sir Frederick Rawlinson's family seat at Sloley, Norwich, and the christening took place on October 21. The baby was given the names Sarah Jane and is Sir Frederick and Lady Rawlinson's second child, as a son and heir Anthony was born in 1936. The grown ups in the group are: Miss Penelope Colt and Mrs. F. R. Bell, godmothers; the father and mother and the infant, and Mr. F. R. Bell, proxy for Mr. Leslie Finnis, godfather

"... two fingerposts pointing the same way, one marked 'TO TWEEDLEDUM'S HOUSE,' and the other 'TO THE HOUSE OF TWEEDLEDEE.' 'I do believe,' said Alice at last, 'that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before.'"—Lewis Carroll.

IF England were as perspicacious as Alice the outlook would be brighter.

Too many of our bureaucrats (= rulers) split an illegal hair between Communism and National Socialism—the Russian and the German houses. A fortnight ago I repeated some of the sacrilegious horrors perpetrated in the Russian slice of Poland, and now comes news of an identical German outrage, thousands of miles from the Communist example. The Franciscan Friars at Gronau, just beyond the Dutch frontier, have been brutally evicted from their monastery. A witness wrote from Holland: "The Rector's request to be allowed to remove the Host was met with a flat refusal until he told the Gestapo he would do so even if it cost him his life. . . . An aged friar, who was telling his beads in the garden, was seized by the beard and addressed as 'Schwein-hund.'" Only one English paper, other than the R.C. *Universe*, reported this typical example of religious persecution. The material sufferings of the Jews are given prominence while Christian agonies go almost unrecorded, although England is still a Christian country where some key places are held by agnostic Socialists and some by Jews; one of whom at least



MRS. W. S. FINLAYSON

Bertram Park

The daughter of the late Captain Hughie Bagot Chester and Mrs. Bagot Chester. Mrs. Finlayson's husband, better known on the stage as Wallace Douglas, has joined the fighting forces. He is a brother of Robert Douglas, the well-known actor. Mrs. Finlayson is driving an ambulance by way of doing her bit of national service

And the World Said—



LADY BROUGHTON AND HER SON MR. EVELYN BROUGHTON

The wife and only son of Major Sir John Delves Broughton. Mr. Evelyn Broughton is in the same regiment of the Brigade of Guards as his father used to be, and like most of the people in the service a bit busy standing to

knows good from evil, if the War Minister's broadcast was as sincere as he made it sound. But oh! for a man like Saint Paul to rally the slumbering ranks of Christendom, a man strong in the conviction that dark cruelty of Russian or German brand can be overcome by that spiritual power which is on our side for the asking. "Ask and it shall be given unto you." To beat the enemy is one thing; and to turn him to the Light is another; for he seeks to destroy godliness, home life, the decencies in sex and in business, every loyalty and human kindness. The vileness of Hitlerism is the subject of Claire Boothe's successor to *The Women*, and apparently America is mad about *Margin for Error*, which opened at Washington before an audience of Congressmen and diplomats who hissed the name of Hitler. By attributing the *mal de siècle* to one man Mrs. Luce (Claire Boothe) shows herself no more ignorant of history than

Mr. Chamberlain who does not choose perhaps to broadcast that he knows what Germany was doing to Poles and Catholics in the 'seventies and saying about England then, as always. Signor Daniele Vare, whose "Laughing Diplomat" was last year's most attractive autobiography, bravely writes from the see-saw City of Seven Hills: "Such being the German mentality under the Hohenzollerns, as in the present day, it would seem that there must be a fallacy in the contention that 'Hitlerism' is alien to the German character and that, could it be destroyed, we might all live happily ever after." And a penetrating remark comes from Lord Horder who is persuaded "that a study of the psychology of the German people in their continued acceptance of Herr Hitler's leadership is much more important than is an analysis of the mental make-up of the leader himself." Even this doesn't get us any further than the wireless humorist in the blackout who posted a letter in a Chelsea pensioner. If you appreciate honest-to-lowness English humour listen to "Saturday Night at Eight," and while the B.B.C. deserves all the abuse it gets, it also gets my laurel for Mark Lubbock's Trafalgar Day programme. Those who put this over should be turned on to the news to infuse the French *communiqués* with a Napoleonic touch. Wata'ope.

* * *

The muddles and scandals of bureaucracy multiply; the neglect of propaganda for one. An Anglo-Norwegian writes from Oslo that there is no question which side sympathies are with, although there has been a pro-German element in Norway (and more so in Sweden) made up of those whose business depends on Germany. Norway is largely peopled by *petit-bourgeois*, who at the beginning of the war, were both frightened and impressed by the efficiency of the German military machine as operated against Poland. "It was sickening," my correspondent writes, "to see this country swamped

work. Since the Russian pact and subsequent alarms there is a great change. King Haakon's part in the Scandinavian meeting at Stockholm made a tremendous impression; we are all drawing together against a new fear. People say, only half



Holloway
WORKS OF PEACE

Although the war has altered the *tempo* of all our lives, the fruits of peace-time social progress are still to be seen, as in the opening of a £42,000 new nurses' home at the Northampton General Hospital. In this picture Lady Spencer, the Marchioness of Exeter and Councillor W. H. Percival are seen on their way to the ceremony



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE MILLES-LADE

Dorothy Wilding

A recent country wedding has been that between Mr. George Milles-Lade and Miss Pamela McDougall, which took place at Norton Parish Church in Kent. Mr. Milles-Lade is cousin and heir to Lord Sondes of Lees Court, Faversham, while his bride is the second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert McDougall of Cawston Manor, Norfolk and Mrs. McDougall of Provender, Faversham

with German propaganda, the papers full of German news, communications with Germany normal, and on the other hand no news from England and France for days at a time, the English broadcasts hard to hear, the post hopelessly disorganized and NO PROPAGANDA AT ALL. I told them 'this is part of a plan, in the end those who have kept quiet will triumph,' but it was uphill

added to the sinking of Scandinavian ships, has left her without a friend in the northern countries, but not without her spies. There are warnings in every tea shop against indiscreet talk. I am still trying to get the White Paper. It would be eagerly read here. Imagine the folly of not exporting a ton! As it is my breakfast tray is covered with papers of every Teutonic shade. I can't help feeling bitter about those thorough barbarians—can't forget what I saw in Belgium as a young girl . . ." Perhaps by now our White Paper has reached Oslo where pine-scented bath salts are superfluous and soap, as I told you from the Inter-Parliamentary Conference in August, froths like beer. By not receiving our good news let's hope sympathizers in friendly lands are spared the bad; such as the great hotel scandal, against which dictatorial, wickedly wasteful commandeering scheme Sir George Reeves-Smith has weighed in on behalf of the Hotel and Restaurants' Association. Sir George is a figure. For years he has arrived at his office at the Savoy at the same minute every morning, arrayed in striped trousers and silk hat. When on Monday the fourth of September he clocked in half an hour late wearing a bowler, the staff, shocked to the core, realized the war was on.

* * *

One of the few minor (or major for that matter) ministers who shines is Miss Florence Horsbrugh; good sense, good work and good humour personified. Her remark about evacuation: "Some you would have expected to make a great success of the scheme have failed miserably, and those you thought would never cope with it have come through



WAR WORKERS

Miss Patricia Lambert and Mrs. Vere Leon were photographed as they arrived for duty at a London ambulance station. Mrs. Leon, who brought along Magnolia, her peke, has a grown-up son, Guy Leon, who recently married the film actress Linden Travers. Miss Lambert is the elder daughter of the late Colonel "Johnny" Lambert and Mrs. Harry Hulbert, and is a cousin of Sir Anthony Meyer, the captain of the Oppidans at Eton this half

And the World said—*continued*

marvellously" applies to all war workers. Not many charity ball hostesses who played at good works are doing much now limelight is rationed. An exception, Mrs. Leslie Gamage, who always ran her ball for the Infants' Hospital without an organizer, is running a supply service at the hospital in Vincent Square. About forty make dressings in her "class," and about four hundred belong to an "invisible class" scattered all over the country knitting hospital supplies. Their white operation stockings would make wonderful ski-ing stockings, yet hitherto it has only been possible to get these from Austria! Another real worker, whose husband is back in the Greenjackets, Mrs. Michael Buller, not only caters for twenty-two, mainly evacuees, at her house near Arundel, but has started

a twice-weekly club for the mothers, and a crèche. Neighbours, including Helena Lady Beaumont, have promised to look in, by turns. And in war, as in peace, Mrs. D. M. MacKinnon does the work of ten in Oban. Her canteen occupies the room where generations of Scottish gallants have eaten caviare with their supper partners at the first ball. At the second ball it only appears on the Captain of Dunstaffnage's table, lured by his command of the Russian language. Oban's No. 1 tiara—Lady Noble of Ardinglass—has gone to the Far East, which reminds me that China Town, *alias* Dumfriesshire, home of the "jungling Jardines," as an old ballad dubbed that enterprising family, is delighted with the forthcoming marriage between the Lord-Lieutenant's son, Hew Carruthers, and Miss Pamela Torrie who is probably the finest female exponent of *haute école* in G.B. Her cups require two sideboards. Her mother's brother, the redoubtable

"Archie" Crabbe, stayed with them at Knockhill for his final leave. Meanwhile Pamela's stepfather, Colonel Ralph Hope-Vere, has been visiting his ancestral Blackwood, taking a new bicycle for long walks to inspect new cabbage patches. Dumfriesshire, engaged in war work from growing cabbages, upwards, is one of many counties reflecting upon the strange case of the unruly and frankly filthy Glasgow children evacuated from the city with the highest rates in Scotland, controlled by an all-Socialist town council, which has had the spending of large sums with disappointing results, to put it mildly. Every one agrees the slums are a fearful problem, but the pink government of Glasgow has little to be proud of, judged by its poor children. Every school evidently needs extensive bath houses where every child could be made to scrub itself every day; then for physical exercises, reading, writing, arithmetic, and let the rest of the fancy work go hang. But the high paid socialistic teachers would refuse to "learn" the bairns cleanliness on the grounds that tubbing is beneath their dignity (the Socialist intellectual being passionately class-conscious) and hygiene a subversive subject owing to its kinship with godliness. They would as lief give Bible lessons. I challenge Lord "Buck" De La Warr, Socialist charmer and working aristocrat, to add washrooms

to town schools and washing to the curriculum now while most of the children are away. (Speaking of baths, Mrs. Murray of Murraythwaite has had special ones installed in her Dumfriesshire domain for wounded soldiers with rheumatism to cure in.) A bath scheme for schools could be created by economy at the Board of Education, plus subscriptions from all whose eyes have been opened by evacuation. There would be good response, though not from the dainty teachers who would have to do what householders, rich and poor, have done all over the country—roll up their sleeves and let suds and other things fly.

* * *

If you want to be gay fly to Sydney, where the "season" is on in spite of war preparations. I don't understand why Australians are training A.R.P. wardens, and practising evacuating the schools. Who is going to bomb who? Perhaps A.R.P. is a more fashionable way of wasting time than playing bridge. There were attractive fashions at the Randwick races to which all N.S.W. and many from other states, flocked on Australian Derby Day. In the Epsom tradition it rained. This meeting looks like Ascot and Goodwood with flowers in profusion and corresponding dresses. Dr. Malcolm Sargent conducted in Sydney that night. Nearly all the men were in uniform; musical Australians are evidently tough guys. H. E. Lady Gowrie brought a party from Admiralty House and Mrs. Peter Dawson brought her celebrated husband. At the Derby Ball my digger saw Sir Frederick and Lady McMaster, also Lieutenant-Commander Jimmy Coles and his wife. The Sydney Hospital Ball at which an extra room had to be engaged because over two hundred extra guests paid their way, clashed with the Ski Council of Australia's night out. Winter sporters here will feel envious at the thought of this happy scene with Swiss posters and, at midnight, a turn by artist Colin Wyatt, erstwhile Cambridge Ski Club Captain, who, attired in leather shorts and bright Tyrolean jacket, gave his wife's compatriots

yodelling songs and Austrian hop-waltzes on his ancient accordion. There are so many uniforms at first nights that it reminds old hands almost too poignantly of last time, before the boys sailed. An American matinee idol, Ian Keith, is pulling them in, and another hit is the ice show "Switzerland" (Australia being intensely snow-and-ice-minded) in which "Phil" Taylor does wonders. His daughter, champion Megan, gave a tea party for the skating set. Every set went to see George Robey who now plans a winter tour in South Africa. At one show the P.M. of Mirth was greeted by an original

A.I.F. who saw him at the Hippodrome in the last Troubles. The final ski meeting and the first surf riding practically coincided early in October. Unfortunately Tom Mitchell had not sufficiently recovered from his crash at St. Anton last year to attend the Australian Open Championship on the slopes of Mount Kosciusko (one for the B.B.C.) where the snow was nearly level with the tops of the petrol pumps. The water at Palm Beach (N.S.W. not Fla.) warms up later in the month, but private dances have begun there, with the beautiful Mrs. Warwick Fairfax as *decor*.

OUR CENTRE COLOUR PICTURE

It is necessary to draw attention to the fact that Mr. Charles Spencelayh's picture which was exhibited in the Royal Academy, was painted after the Munich Conference.



AT THE NEWBURY AUTUMN MEETING

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Smiley on the first day of Newbury last week, when they thought they had a bumper attendance but it was overtopped by the congregation which came to see Scottish Union, Fox Cub and Atout Maitre. Mr. Patrick Smiley's battalion is at present somewhere in this country



MORE NEWBURY

Another snapshot in the paddock on Newbury Autumn Handicap day. Miss Evelyn Rennie with Captain H. Carden and Miss Joan Hastings, who is a daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings and of the late Hon. Aubrey Hastings of Grand National fame

"WAR" WITH THE GLOVES ON AT THE N.S.C.



MR. CHARLES SWEENEY, LORD QUEENSBERRY,
COUNT JOHN DE BENDERN AND MRS. PETER
HORLICK



MR. JOHN HARDINGE (right) AND
MR. AND MRS. JACK HYLTON



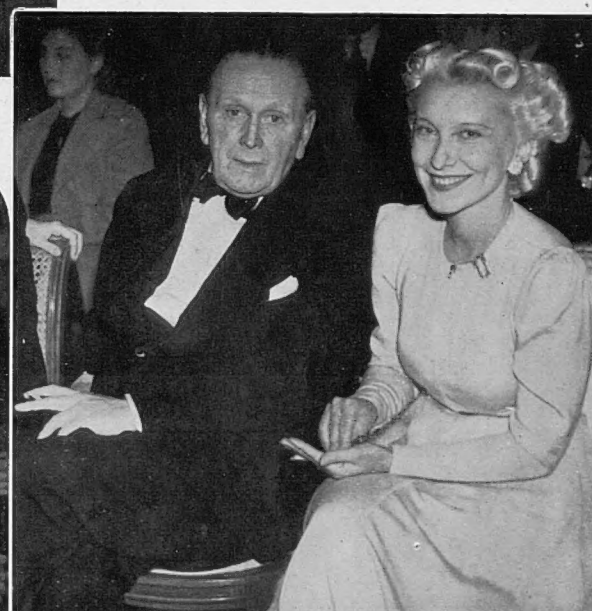
SIR NOEL AND LADY CURTIS-BENNETT
FULL OF INTEREST AT THE RING SIDE



MR. RICHARD ROWLEY AND LADY
SIBELL ROWLEY



MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH
AND MR. VICTOR BURNETT



SIR MATHEW WILSON WITH
MISS FRANCES DAY



(on right) MR. WILL HAY,
MRS. F. WALLIS AND
MR. L. W. RICKETT

This "war" at the National Sporting Club, where they never put on a bad programme, was in aid of the War Relief Fund and the Evacuated Children's Clothing Fund, and judging by the way every one rolled up in support, the respective money bags must have been substantially replenished. Every walk in life, pretty near, was represented, famous golfers like Count John De Bubern (John De Forest) and Mr. Charles Sweeney (who are with the descendant of the man under whose rules we fight); Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett whose name is a household one in the sporting world; Sir Mathew Wilson to represent the Turf and the Army—most worthily—with ever-charming Frances Day; Jack Hylton, producer of sweet music, in the picture with the N.S.C.'s genial manager and Will Hay who has made the ribs of so many of us sore with laughter. Lady Sibell Rowley is the former Lady Sibell Lygon



PERSONALITIES AT NAVAN
STEEPLECHASES
Poole, Dublin

On another page in this issue (page 162) the doings at this excellent meeting are dealt with more fully. In the above group are J. C. Parkinson, who rode the Duchess de Stacpoole's Shramore to victory in the Bective Plate, the Duke de Stacpoole, who was formerly in the Connaught Rangers, the Duchess de Stacpoole and Surgeon O'Reilly

RACING started again last week on the July Course at Newmarket with what looked almost like a record attendance in Tatt's and the cheap rings. A couple of specials ran both days, but the majority got there in bundles of six in the oldest and smallest cars in captivity. These make motoring very dangerous, for having a practically identical top speed they proceed three abreast with the whip singing off them and screams of machinery trying to pass each other.

The members' enclosure wasn't as full as usual but pretty representative, and it was nice to see all one's friends collected together again, some in uniform and some not. In this connexion I must say that for sheer grandeur Herr Göring has nothing at all on Hugh Sidebottom in battle rompers. I hope he gets the good win he deserves out of Buxton before the end of the season. While a lot of well-backed horses won, the racing seemed rather dull. It was too much like Lincoln with no recent form to go on and no one knowing if their horses were fully wound up. On appearance and results the six weeks' "stand-easy" seemed to have had a beneficial effect on some stables.

I'm sorry, captain, but there was a most unusual breakdown in the catering. There must be unaccustomed difficulties but sausages should be procurable at Newmarket of all places, and that Irish stew!

Meanwhile what of the war, which it is persistently rumoured is taking place. The Ministry of Information has been unable to conceal the fact that some young Nazis with a courage and daring worthy of a better cause than the preservation of Gestapo, short rations and concentration camps, came over to bomb the Forth Bridge and the ships lying nearby. After about the second attempt a defaulter "cleaning brightwork" in the *Southampton* noticed them and got some "weekend airmen" to go up after lunch and scupper three or four of them. The Kamchatka correspondent of the *Montego Bay Messenger* quoting a usually reliable source

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

states that Charles and Pilks have arrived somewhere in France for a course of intensive training of the Press. One pressman has so far mutinied on the score of insufficient straw for the pink lions in his tent.

On the home front drastic and far-reaching changes have taken place. Women of the auxiliary volunteer services are allowed to speak to officers if they are husbands, fathers, brothers, or cousins which makes us all one great big family, doesn't it? As against this I quote from the *Daily Express* orders from an R.A.F. station to the effect that "Airmen are forbidden to take females other than their wives into the woods without a pass signed by the C.O." There's another job for the adjutant, keeping a form book! While the War Office or the Army Council, or whoever does these things, in so far as is humanly possible shelves any momentous question, a decision for the voluntary substitution of webbing belts for Sam Brownes was forced on them. It was found that so many elderly officers coming straight up off grass were developing girth galls from their new belts and thus wasting valuable zinc lotion, that it was a question of substituting webbing or allowing sections of motor tubes or sheepskin to be worn on the belt.

To revert to racing for a moment it seems that jumping meetings will take place with great regularity. To this week's calendar no less than eight different courses have programmes, and with the glut of man and woman power on the waiting list there really seems to be no valid reason why there shouldn't be bags of racing to amuse them and give employment. One unit looks like having about enough left to mount guard on race days. A jamboree of jockeys, or whatever the collective term is, set forth on the "outbreak" and all but signed on with a West Country unit. Finding soon after that there was another available on their doorstep one of them was deputed to write and explain matters. The recruiting sergeant was therefore astonished to receive a short missive saying: *Dear General,*

We have found a unit we like better than yours, and are going there.

Yours faithfully,
Danny M.

It must come a bit odd to these to be doing midday and evening garage, and feeling round for a bowed tyre or track.

Just in case any one should read this in France I'd like to make his mouth water as much as mine, by saying that last Monday the Quorn ran a hurricane from The Curate twice. Once to Sherbrooke's and once to ground at Long Clawson village. Not a strand of wire and hounds—beating horses all the way. It's all being kept alive for us and when once a Nazi can be persuaded that a silk hat and a coat are worth six of a pickelhaube and a sub-machine gun we'll all be back in the game again.

* * *

The following, for information, are the Cesarewitch acceptances: Flyon, Black Speck, Contrevent, Finis, Valedictory, Rodeo II (7 lb. extra, 8 st. 7 lb.), Cornfield, Mubarak, Buxton, Alistair, Hestia II, Snake Lightning, Fairchance, Verjus, Hurry de Savoie, Celibate II, Knole Star, Sierra Nevada, Fulano, Aethon, Listor, Corofin, Foxchase, Brocanteur, Snipe Wood, Mario, Cantatrice II, Cheerful Star, Bosquet, Crown Colony, Valentin, Suspension, Lucky Patch, All's Fair, Winning Lot, Dr. Syntax, Master Bimbo, Good Cast, Worth While, Brunswick, Morar, Apellity, Cobalt, Celtillus, Accept, Woodstock, and Ascot Lad.



MORE IRISH RACING—AT MALLOW
O'Brien

A snapshot taken between races at the recent meeting at that pleasant spot Mallow, Co. Cork, and in the picture are l. to r. Mrs. Henry, Miss D. Pelly, Mrs. O'Kelly (wife of Captain Count O'Kelly de Gallagher at Tycooley) and Mrs. W. O'Dwyer, the ex-Irish lady golf champion

URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS AT NEWMARKET



WARTIME GATHERING ON THE JULY COURSE

By "THE TOUT"

The pet names in "The Tout's" little gallery will present no puzzle to those who go racing, but for the benefit of those who do not it is necessary to decode them. "Caryl" is Lord Valentia who rarely misses a meeting; served in the Royals in the last war and before that in his county regiment, the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry; "The Major" is Major T. G. H. Bardwell; "Geoff" is Major Harbord, and Adams is his trainer; "Hughie" is Mr. Hugh Sidebottom, trainer and part owner of Buxton; "Henry" is Mr. Henry Forester, and "Willoughby"—Lord Willoughby de Broke, formerly 17th Lancers and now in the "cavalry of the air"



HELEN GILBERT

The story of how this lovely young lady became a film actress is as strange as anything Hollywood can turn out on the screen. For two years she played a 'cello in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio orchestra, and although casting directors were more than once sufficiently attracted by her looks to urge her to come before the cameras as well as the microphone, she refused all offers. Finally she was induced to play the part of the drama teacher in *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever* with whom young Mickey Rooney falls in love. So well did she do it that, scruples overcome, her orchestral contract has been swapped for an acting one and a bright future is predicted for her.

THE trouble with the subject of war at the present time is that we know too much about it. No longer is your gunner a knightly six-shots-for-sixpence adventurer: he is probably a senior wrangler whose talent for the differential calculus makes him alone capable of handling modern artillery. We know that the army is no longer the business of the fire eater: that it is controlled by gentlemen who are not necessarily over eighty and who combine the qualities of business man, civil servant and engineer. Even our admirals may turn out to be Mr. Noel Coward or Mr. Charles Morgan! And so it is—reluctant as I am to admit it—with that favourite character, the *Lovely Spy*. From what we have lately been told in broadcasts and elsewhere, she simply does not exist. We who know all about war as it really is now have conclusive evidence that your modern spy is a shabby little gentleman with a Cockney accent who picks up scraps of exceedingly dull information which he passes on to his chiefs as a matter of dull routine—when he is not leaving them in unattended cars, that is. A film about a lovely spy therefore starts at a disadvantage. *Gibraltar*, the new French offering at Studio One, is such a film.

This film also brings up again the question of who makes the best British pictures? For some time one has been forced to admit that this honour has fallen to the Americans. *Gibraltar* is the first attempt, to my knowledge, of the French to make a British picture. I fancy that if Monsieur Saffra, the director, had set out to poke gentle fun at the military garrison which is the subject of the story, the result might have been delicious. Unfortunately this slow-moving piece of what one might term Saffra Walden has turned out to be a painstaking melodrama which just happens to centre itself on the notorious rock. Without wishing to quarrel further with this director about the film he decided not to

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

French With and Without Tears

make, I submit that it is a fatal mistake to attempt to convey the impression that a collection of typical French actors are English officers. It isn't cricket. It isn't even French cricket! Not even if the French actors are such talented performers as M. Roger Duchesne and M. Abel Jacquin. I have the greatest respect for the young officers who defend Gibraltar. But I defy you to find me one who would be capable of choosing the eclectic and portable gourmet's supper which the lieutenant whipped out of his haversack when he visited the *Lovely Spy* in her bedroom. Nor, I am prepared to wager, do inexperienced English officers make love with quite the facile yet fervid accomplishment of experienced Parisian actors. Of the leading players one might add that Mlle. Viviane Romance has the requisite qualifications for old-time spying of the voluptuous type, and M. Erich von Stroheim is almost convincing as the inevitable Master Mind: even with such gems to utter as: "I play with destinies as a cat plays with a mouse!" But the nicest performance came from M. Georges Flamant as a professional killer whom we'd all by this time know by heart if France had a Damon Runyon.

It has been accepted for a long time that minute comedies about the minute goings-on of minute undergraduates are an integral part of the civilization which our young men are once more about to save. This is not the time to reopen the argument. I shall personally continue to prefer the French light comedies of M. Giraudoux and the American light comedies of Miss Boothe. And I will note, without more ado, that Mr. Terence Rattigan's exceedingly successful play called *French Without Tears* has in the natural order of things become a film, in which medium and at the Plaza, I have no doubt that it will repeat its success. The story, should you not already know, concerns a number of English youths who are engaged in learning French (with little apparent success) in the cramming establishment of a Professor Maingot, who is the kind of Frenchman no English character actor can resist, as indeed Mr. Jim Gerald doesn't.

The action—if that is the right word—involves the effect on these boys of a jejune charmer who rather inexplicably comes to live in the house, not, apparently, to learn French, but to teach something quite different. The gentlemen concerned are Mr. David Tree, who is pleasantly and sixth-formishly shy about the facts of life so summarily revealed to him: Mr. Guy Middleton as the kind of Harrovian to whom all things are spiffing or wizard: Mr. Roland Culver, a naval commander, who wickedly parodies the silence of the *Silent Service*: and Mr. Ray Milland who is supposed to be (a) a cynic, and (b) a budding novelist. Judging from the examples of his cynicism we were given I doubt if I should want to read any of this bud's novels. Miss Ellen Drew is the blonde young lady who is invited to be continuously seductive (and nothing else), and as butter rationing had not started at the time this film was made, Miss Drew did her best.

If I preferred the film to the play version of this fable, it may be because the director, Mr. Anthony Asquith, firmly turned his back on the policy of *laissez-faire*, with which his family name is associated, and kept his camera continuously and wittily on the move. Or it may be because the house full of subalterns among whom I sat, a lone civilian, roared their heads off throughout the performance.

"Point of View," the new British screen journalism, started before the war by Ivan Scott, the young news-reel commentator, is carrying on production. Three editions have been revised. The first has been renamed *Guns and Butter* and shows how the Navy safeguards our supplies. Number two deals with two problems. The first is *Should Hospitals be State run?* and the second tries to solve the question of make-up for women—is it a waste of time? The third edition discusses the number of milkmen down your street and whether non-voters should lose their votes.



Photos.: Bertram Park

BRITISH DOVE-DANCER

A novel feature of "The Little Dog Laughed," the current Crazy Gang show at the Palladium, is the dove-dance performed by lovely Edna Squire-Brown, who represented England at the Johannesburg Exhibition two years ago. The doves are sacred birds, originating in the Near East, where Miss Squire-Brown bought them on her way back from South Africa. The Palladium show is doing tremendous business, black-out notwithstanding. Thirty-two thousand people were reported to have seen it during its first couple of weeks, and the management add "Booking for Boxing Night is already brisk"



Caricatures of "The Little Dog Laughed," by Tom Titt, will be found on page 152

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



STELLA GIBBONS

A new picture of the brilliant author of that enormously funny satire, *Cold Comfort Farm*—the earthy novel to end all earthy novels—and many other successful books. Her latest, "My American," which is described as a romance, was published by Longmans last week. In private life Miss Gibbons is Mrs. A. Bourne Webb, and the mother of a small daughter

they are to share the same roof, are going to be put on a mighty trial. To travel alone is to know yourself better. To travel with a companion is often to return wishing you had gone forth alone. How much more revealing, therefore, will it be when, in a spirit of friendship, you ask a friend to share your dwelling for the "duration"—whatever period of time that may eventually mean! The smug self-satisfaction of those who have merely helped in Evacuation, or are thoroughly in sympathy with the idea without taking part in it, always makes me feel a little sick. There ought to be some kind of Iron Cross presented to those people who took into their houses, and into the close intimacy of their lives, children and women of whom previously they had no notion of their actual existence. Oh, yes, I know all about that Patriotism, but it is not easy to be continuously patriotic when there is no opportunity for stirring heroism other than the daily, hourly deprivation of all that refuge, physical and mental, which is summed up in the words *One's Own Home*. It is possible and easy to be terrifically self-sacrificing towards Evacuees if your house is large enough to get away from them when the spirit and mind demand solitude in order to escape something approaching madness. It is towards the owners of very small houses my sympathy and understanding flows. (Even ignoring those people who have had verminous children planted upon them, not even house-trained, as well as mothers—undisciplined, beery, lazy women, whose idea of being Evacuees is to be waited on and to enjoy a holiday at the nation's expense without the least notion that they, too, have a duty to perform.)

Then there is the friend who asks another friend, living in a danger zone, to share his or her home for so long as danger lasts. It starts off with such a flourish of welcome and gratitude. And this welcome and this gratitude may well last, always provided that both host and guest have within themselves some mental interest which can best be enjoyed alone, and there is a mutual respect between them

Book-Reading in Wartime.

A GOOD many new friendships are going to be cemented and a good many old friendships severed before this war is over. New friendships can look after themselves, but old friendships, if

that "withdrawal" does not necessarily mean boredom. The dangerous theory that, being friends, as much time as possible must be spent together has severed more friendships, if there is no possibility of escaping propinquity, than any falling-out over opposing opinions. It is also the greatest enemy of Love—say what you will and quote as much sentimental poetry as you may. Propinquity is certainly the birth of both love and friendship, but too much of it can easily provide their death-knell. And it does! How many friendships, therefore, will the war cool off when friends decide to live together for the "duration"? That delightful chit-chat, that equally delightful exchange of confidences, will run thin, sooner rather than later. And then what?—if neither has a solitary hobby of his own? Such as a love of reading, for example. A woman who can knit and sew for hours on end without feeling it incumbent upon her to talk is a woman easy to entertain. And you must be very "arid" within yourself if you find it difficult to live

with a book-lover. Speaking personally, without books of all kinds to read—new ones and old favourites—I think I should go mad in these days which, metaphorically and actually, are blacked-out for anybody whose spiritual wounds in the last war have not yet found healing. Unless you are terribly young and terribly "hearty," war work is not enough; nor is work of any kind—though it helps considerably. Films are only a passing relief; that is, if you can still stand the Hollywood conception of life and morals.

The B.B.C., even if you live in a district where, after nightfall, you can hear anything except a succession of whispers and yells, seems to have gone into a state of semi-coma clutching piles of gramophone records and, otherwise, vainly being resuscitated by organ recitals, and light entertainments which sound like so many "hang-overs" from the Children's Hour. Books, in those few hours of refuge, without which many of us would be unable to face cheerfully the day-by-day, are the great stand-by. I have always pitied the person whose only reading was a skimmed perusal of the more trivial newspapers. I pity them now more than ever; especially the person who has to live with them during these long winter evenings. They miss such a lot—though they know it not, neither do they care. With a book, it seems to me we are away in another world—a world where people are acting sanely and talking sense. Or being profound or being amusing. Or turning our mind towards the things which mentally matter, or stirring our emotions towards human problems which help us the better to understand the strange, and often

apparently aimless and endless, struggle which is the average human life.

And this week I have been reading two lovely books. Each so different from the other in both matter and manner, yet each equally enchanting in its own special way. The names of these two books are "Wind, Sand and Stars" (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), by Antoine de Saint Exupéry; and "Irish Gold" (Collins; 10s. 6d.), by Pamela Hinkson. I would strongly advise everyone to read them. True, both afford one a means of escape, but it is not an escape into futility and silliness, but into a lovely world which, though, so to speak, it lies at our doors, few of us have ever passed through except in imagination. The one is the world of aviation, the other of the rural Irish scene. Yet each is so different from what one would expect to read, knowing beforehand the subject treated. M. de Saint Exupéry has turned a story of long, lonely and nightly dangerous flying experiences into a book of poetry and philosophy. Mrs. Hinkson's book is not in the least bit funny in the usual Irish social-history way, though it is often very amusing in that tender manner which the simpler, happier memories always incite. I can well imagine that

(Continued on page 144)



Photos: Yvonne Gregory

AUTOBIOGRAPHER

Mr. A. A. Milne, creator of "Christopher Robin" and "Winnie the Pooh," has recently published an entertaining autobiography, "It's Too Late Now," in which he tells of his successful career as a writer of light prose and verse and as a dramatist. He was assistant editor of "Punch" from 1906 to 1914, when he joined up in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and since the war has written many amusing plays as well as his famous children's books. His son, Christopher Robin Milne, recently went from Stowe to Cambridge, where his father started his literary career as editor of the "Granta"



HANDS OFF! A CONVOY AND ITS ESCORT IN THE NORTH SEA



TEETH BARED AND READY TO BITE

Two pictures which vividly illustrate some of the work that the British Navy is doing in the way of keeping our food-supply lines open. Whether the onslaught comes from above or below, the attacker does not find that he has things all his own way. The attacks by enemy aircraft have been a bit costly to the foe, and he has been met with not only a screaming hot fire from the escorting ships' guns, but also has had Royal Air Force fighters on his tail before he has had time to "swop knives." He is badly beaten for pace by our machines and badly battered by the quick-firing guns in the ships

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

for Mrs. Hinkson to write her book was a labour of love—that is, if love can ever be regarded as a labour. She will certainly infect every reader with that love, as she infected me. I love it the more, perhaps, because it stirred in my own memory a bitter, yet very sweet, nostalgia for an England which I once knew, in the years which have long since been lost otherwise. For the rural Irish scene of to-day, even granted a certain number of modern disruptions, is strangely like the rural English scene of long ago, when a village was a "family" and people had time to think and to know each other; were not restless and discontented, and found their own amusements for themselves and enjoyed them infinitely more than when, nowadays, they depend almost entirely upon somebody else to amuse them. During the too few times when I have stayed in Ireland, this resurrection of *temps perdu* has struck me even more than the loveliness of the Irish landscape and the highly individual way of Irish living.

One has, indeed, only to cross the Irish Channel and avoid Dublin, Belfast, and the larger towns, to find oneself back again in rural England as rural English life used to be. Remembering, I felt completely at home after I had been in Ireland two days. I could fit in, so to speak, as I could fit in were I able to turn back the clock and find myself once again in the 'nineties, three miles from the nearest railway station and ten from anything which could be called a town. A difference, of course, because the difference between the Irish and the English is the difference between two mental approaches to life—and there are few things more dividing. Nevertheless, in so many of their ways—so much alike; that is, if you keep your observation to feats of memory and constrict it to remote country districts while you knock forty or more years off Time. On the whole, I suppose, the Irish enjoy life much more than we do. That is why, perhaps, they are always deliberately spoiling that enjoyment from time to time. People are like that. Happily for the Irish temperament they can pass from misery to enjoyment as quickly as the Irish sunshine can dissipate, surprisingly and for a few moments, a day of Irish rain. That is why they are so enchanting to live among and so uncertain to lean upon. But who wants always to lean? Nobody who is comfortable to live with, anyway. At any rate, the Irish have natural manners which, alas! the English, except in remote country places, have lost. And I would sooner live with Good Manners than with all the moral virtues without them. It makes life so much

pleasanter. The Irish also live with horses! The horse is a member of the family and often the most important. There is a description of a leisurely fox-hunt in "Irish Gold" which is a lovely breath of something fresher than anything I have breathed for a long, long time. The kind of fox-hunt when the scenery and the joy of being on a horse are everything, and the fox only of technical account. Especially is the book delightful for the simple, happy, unsophisticated fun which the Irish get out of everyday life. So that the village postmistress has a way of doing things which doubtless would startle the Postmaster-General, but accomplishes her errand just the same, but in a far more friendly spirit. In fact, the whole book is full of—for us—

quaint, unexpected, and amusing aspects of everyday existence which we alas! have, in our modern "progress," simply made dull. And it is charmingly written.

A Flying-Man's Philosophy.

As for "Wind, Sand and Stars," quite apart from anything else, it is "music" to read. The translation is so perfect that, if I had not been informed, I should never have guessed that it was a translation at all! It is the kind of book which you will want to read again and again. It is about flying, of course, but flight is only a means towards a highly poetical end. It is strange and it is exciting, but especially is it beautiful for the insight it gives into a man's heart and soul when, being alone between earth and stars, or marooned and dying of thirst in the desert, he discovers the ultimate realities of both. I could quote from this book again and again, but you must read it in order to savour its unusual and most lovable quality. Picking it up again, I discover that I have turned down so many pages wherein some passage has impressed me that the whole volume looks already

untidy and derelict. For me, it was that kind of book.

Thoughts from "Wind, Sand and Stars."

"There is but one veritable problem—the problem of human relations."

"Each man must look to himself to teach him the meaning of life. It is not something discovered; it is something moulded."

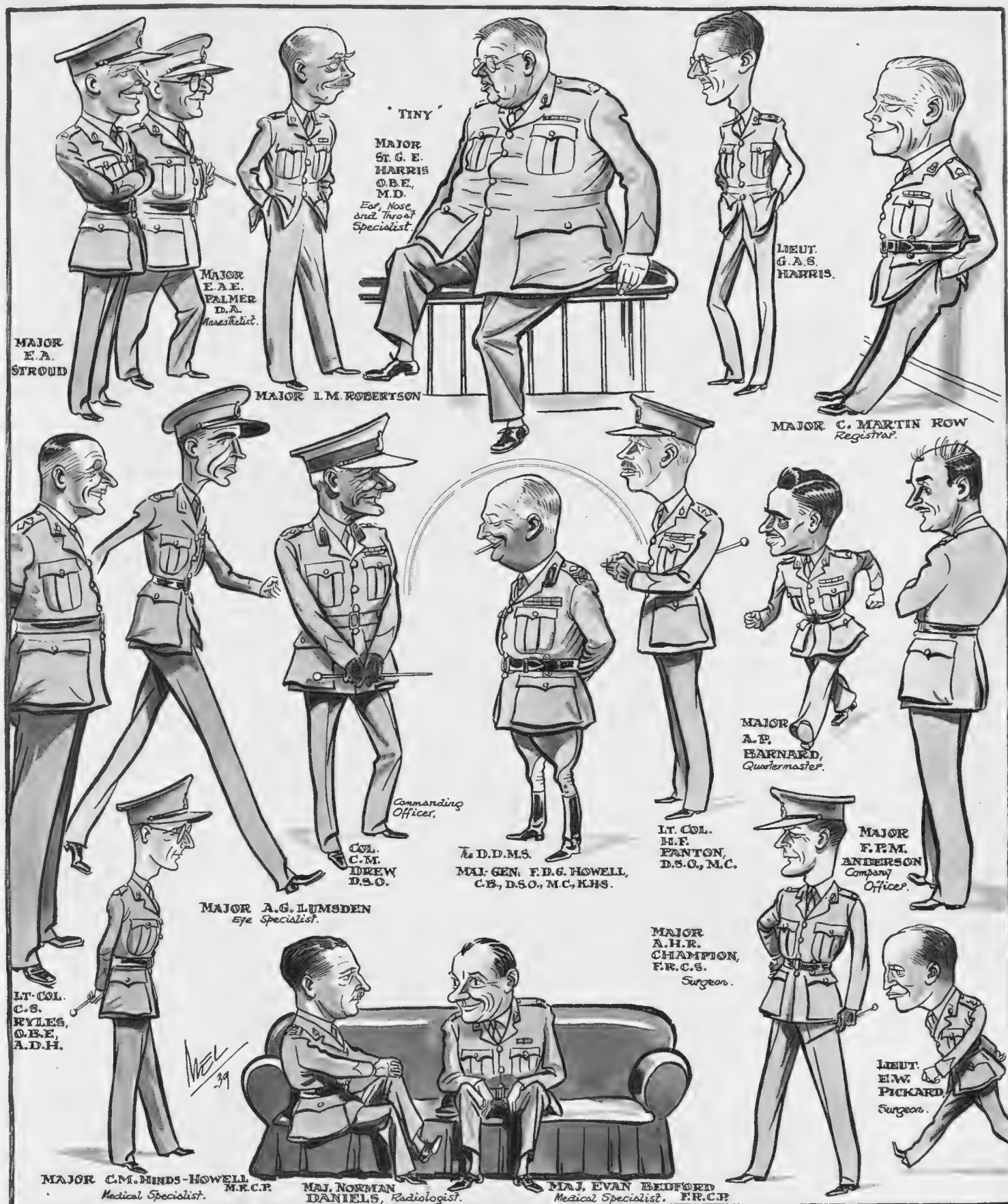
"Only the unknown frightens men. But once a man has faced the unknown, that terror becomes the known."

"Every doctrine swears that it can breed men, but none can tell us in advance what sort of men it will breed. Men are not cattle to be fattened for market. In the scales of life an indigent Newton weighs more than a parcel of prosperous nonentities."



"No, no! I said 'Take it to the Officers' Mess'—not the Officer's Miss"

ARMY UNITS : No. 4



AN R.A.M.C. MESS "SOMEWHERE"—By "MEL"

Here are some more officers of that very gallant and very essential branch of the Service, the Royal Army Medical Corps. Gone are the days of rough-and-ready doctoring for the officer or Tommy who has the misfortune to "stop one" or go sick. Of whatever rank he may be he can nowadays be sure of getting the best possible treatment from highly qualified and experienced specialists, as witness this group of the staff of a big military hospital "somewhere in England," many of them high-ranking London practitioners in peacetime, and all prepared, in the best medical and military tradition, to risk their own lives to save another's, however terrible the circumstances, as they well may be in war modern or otherwise

NEXT WEEK: THE LONDON IRISH RIFLES.



A HOUSE-PARTY AT THRUMPTON, DERBY

An unwarlike picture is a pleasure to meet in these days! Thrumpton is the Rev. the Lord Byron's seat, and in the picture are: (at back) the host; and (in front, l. to r.) Mr. George Seymour, with "Nigger"; Lady Victoria Seymour, a sister of the Duke of Grafton; Miss Alice Seymour, her daughter; Lady Violet Wilson, a younger sister of Lady Victoria's; and Mr. and Mrs. Farrer

THE new C.-in-C. the Nazi Armies in the field has now said that he is prepared to sacrifice a million men to break through the Maginot Line. About ten days ago he said "two million." His paranoia must be worse than ever. This much, however, is absolutely certain: if Adolf Hitler directs the operation, two million is far too conservative an estimate.

If next week he says half a million, and the week after that only a quarter of a million, his exaggerated ego will have reached that bursting point which has for so long been predicted. The thought may occur to some people: what are the German troops thinking about a G.O.C.-in-C. who so glibly talks of "sacrificing." There is no shorter cut to indiscipline than to let men know that they are being mis-handled by an incompetent. Even German discipline, good as we know that it is, would crack under the strain. Troops who know they are being well led will stand up to almost any—but when they know otherwise . . .



IN TOWN ONE AUTUMN DAY

Another more or less peaceful picture somewhere in London, the place which Herr Hitler assured the world would be laid in ashes in about two seconds. Left to right: Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, Lady Caroline Paget, Lord and Lady Anglesey's eldest daughter, and the Hon. David Herbert, Lord and Lady Pembroke's second son

Pictures in the Fire

The most staggering news of the moment from the world of the "flicks" is that, in the new version of *The Mikado*, that famous number "I've Got a Little List" (about the people who never would be missed) is to be imported. It was omitted from the original script because, as I was told, they did not think that they had room enough for it. The announcement adds: " . . . it brings to the screen for the first time for entertainment purposes, Hitler, attired in all the glory of Japanese raiment. *W. S. Gilbert would have appreciated the inclusion in his famous song of so topical an illusion.*"

I cannot believe this. If we know anything of Gilbert, his shade will

materialise at once and bite the perpetrator of such an outrage. Ko Ko, of course, does speak of "all funny fellows, comic men and clowns of private life," and it may be that it was this line which inspired the "improver" to think of Hitler. Without wishing to butt in, it appears to me far more appropriate to put the Führer into the Mikado's equally famous song all about making the punishment fit the crime. The particular verse is the one about the billiard sharp whose doom's extremely hard because he is made to dwell in a dungeon-cell on a spot that's always barred. He is further compelled to play on a cloth untrue with a twisted cue and elliptical billiard-balls. This might be twisted far more easily to fit the present situation.

It may be harking back a bit to speak of the times of Julius Cæsar and William the Norman, *vis-à-vis* sea-power, but I submit that it is of interest to recall that, as regards J. C., the British Navy of those times,



Hay Wrightson

MISS SYLVIA GORDON PAIN

A recent portrait of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Gordon Pain. Mr. Pain was one of the triumvirate which controlled the Woodland Pytchley, 1934-35

RUGGER CARRIES ON: THE OXFORD REMNANTS XV.
AT IFFLEY ROAD GROUND

A picture taken the day they put paid to the St. Thomas's side at the Iffley Road Ground, Oxford. It is a healthy sign to find Rugger carrying on in the to-Halifax-with-Hit spirit. Names: (l. to r., front row) A. Armstrong, G. Astill, E. C. Penna, J. P. Maconchy, D. Stobie, W. Watson, L. C. Wreford-Brown; (back row) A. D. Stutchbury, C. Lester, R. Bryce-Smith, S. Scott, S. Williams, D. Rickaby, G. Patey, P. R. Hastings

By "SABRETACHE"



MR. ARTHUR ROWSE

Called "Arthur Alphabet" by his intimates, because these are all the letters he has after his name: M.I.M.E., M.I.A.E., M.I.C.E., M.I.E.E., and M.A. (Cantab.). He is the new Controller of Machine Tools, and in peacetime an enthusiastic amateur sailor (owner of yacht "Valmara")

Philip of Spain thought he could bring off the hat-trick, because he knew very well how mean Elizabeth was, and how she had "starved" the Navy. But the Navy won, in spite of the Queen, and it won against odds that it ought not to have been asked to take on. It is true, of course, that we had seamen against "soldiers," but, all the same, the Queen did not know that Sidonia was nothing better than a land-lubber, and that there were very few real sailormen amongst her captains, and fewer still in the crews.

though in existence and manned by seamen who had carried on overseas operations as far away as Ushant, never was employed, and as regards the Norman invasion, the Saxon Navy was off duty and had gone round to London to pay off, so that the ratings could go ashore and help in the harvest. William landed before noon on September 28, 1066, but unfortunately the British Navy had concluded its training twenty days before that—and Harold's Naval Intelligence people seem to have been such dummies that they knew nothing about the concentration of the Norman transports and their escort. The same thing seems to have been the case where Cæsar's efforts of 53 B.C. and 54 B.C. were concerned. We had ships as good as, and better than, anything the invaders had, but they were not there at their battle-stations at the right moment. If there had lived a Prince Louis of Battenberg in those times, both these invasions might easily have been defeated. Perhaps in some ways it was a good thing that they were not defeated, for Britain gained much from both; but those failures to use our sea-power are mentioned purely as a matter of interest, and to demonstrate that once more the exception proves the rule. We had the ships and we neglected to use them: we lost. Upon every occasion that we have used our sea-power, we have won. History is now repeating itself. We were undoubtedly caught napping by Julius and William, and, later on,



KEEPING THE TROOPS SMILING AT SOME SPOT IN ENGLAND

And it may be agreed when the names are mentioned that they are just the right people to do it. Here is the key: Douglas Byng, Nancy Logan, Mary Ann Davies, Beatrice Lillie, Edythe Baker, and the stage manager, Lord Birkenhead, in his war clothes

A very good book, "The Young Entry," by K. F. Barker (A. and C. Black; London), is just the kind of thing to help keep our ancient sport, hunting, afloat. It is, of course, for exactly the people its title says that it is—the young ones—and it is very well written and beautifully illustrated by the author, who is an animal artist of very high quality. I have never come across better foxes or brocks, puppies and old hounds, and there is one of the latter for which I think the model must have been the Grafton Prophet (1924) which Lord Hillingdon bred during his first mastership. The picture is the dead snip of him. "The Young Entry" is full of just the right kind of advice the young entry need. A pleasant book to read and a very useful one to boot, for these or any other times.



ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL TEAM AT OXFORD

The side which was defeated 23 points to 11 by the Oxford Remnants in the opening match of the season at the Iffley Road Ground. St. Thomas's students have been evacuated to Oxford. For the enemy see opposite page

The names in the group are, l. to r.: (back) M. Wade, E. Waddington, K. W. Oldham, B. C. Ward, J. D. M. Lytle, K. V. Calder, W. R. T. Thomas, J. D. M. McLaren; (front) R. W. Bodenham, J. M. Pallot, J. M. Carmichael, P. L. Lockton, P. L. Arnott, M. O. Jenks, and H. W. Fisher



CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. P. S. MACPHERSON

Taken just after their wedding on October 21 at St. Columba's, Pont Street. The charming bride is the younger daughter of Principal and Mrs. James Cameron Smail, and the bridegroom the famous Scottish Rugger International. Captain Macpherson was capped 26 times for Scotland

BEHIND THE SCENES

IN THIS QUAIN WAR



JEANNE DUSSEAU AND JOHN WRIGHT TRYING
OUT CHORISTERS AT SADLERS WELLS



MRS. HARRY ROY AT THE
"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS"
FILM PREMIERE



ALSO: MISS ELIZABETH ALLAN, THE HON. ANTHONY
ASQUITH (PRODUCER), AND MR. DAVID ROSE



MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY AND
MR. CYRIL RITCHARD, WHO ARE IN
"THE LITTLE REVUE"



THE HON. MRS. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, WITH (LEFT)
SIR ADRIAN BAILLIE, THE HON. ANTHONY ASQUITH,
AND A FRIEND



LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND AND THE
DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND SOME DOG
EVACUEES



SIR GEORGE AND LADY FRANCKENSTEIN
AT THE "GIBRALTAR" FILM

now sodgering); and Mrs. Randolph Churchill, *née* Pamela Digby, and a recent bride, is in another group, also taken at the show. Miss Hermione Baddeley, seen knitting scarves for sailors, and Mr. Cyril Ritchard continue to brighten *The Little Revue*, and the former Austrian Ambassador and charming wife were at that spy thriller, *Gibraltar*, at Studio One. The Duchess of Hamilton, great animal-lover, is directing the work of the Animal Defence League for evacuating poor people's dogs to safe areas—a laudable work

The fog of war obscures a good many things, but not everything! Herewith some evidence. There is a famine in choir-boys, owing to evacuation, and so "Madame Butterfly" and "Lieutenant Pinkerton" have had to run the rule over some new recruits. The Hon. Anthony Asquith has been given full marks for his direction of the film version of that amusing thing, *French Without Tears* (pre-view at the Plaza), and in one of these pictures is seen with the head of the Paramount organisation and charming Miss Elizabeth Allan (Mrs. Barry O'Brien—husband



Antony Beauchamp, Cleveland Row, S.W.

MRS. FULKE WALWYN—HER LATEST PORTRAIT

The former Miss Diana Carlos Clarke is the wife of the erstwhile G.R. professional jockey, and present trainer, whose late regiment, the 9th Lancers, probably holds the record for people who have ridden winners of the Grand National. Fulke Walwyn, when an amateur, piloted Major Noel Furlong's "Reynoldstown" in 1936, the year in which he won the great 'chase for the second year. Mr. Frank Furlong, also 9th Lancers, the owner's son, was on this horse the year before. The other prominent 9th Lancer who rode a winner in this 'chase was General Sir "Duggie" Campbell, who steered "The Soarer" to victory in 1896. The owner later became Lord Wavertree

PIERROT'S BLEEDING HEART

By MABEL DEAN

PIERROT'S head was sunk on his breast and his eyes gazed sombrely at nothing at all until Harlequin rounded the corner and stood still to look at him, critically.

"What's up?" he demanded. "You look hipped!"

Pierrot winced slightly.

"Must you be so brisk?" he sighed. "My heart's bleeding."

"Go on!" Harlequin looked interested. "What's making it act like that?"

"Columbine," sighed Pierrot.

"Oh, Columbine!" Harlequin spoke as one who had had some. "Does she know about it?"

"Oh, yes. I—well, I showed it to her."

"Interested, was she?"

"Very interested. Very interested indeed. Almost gratified."

"Well, then?"

"But it isn't well at all! Bleeding hearts are all right to a point, maybe, but I haven't a penny, and even Columbine expects a bit of hard cash thrown in these days."

"True!" Harlequin bent a thoughtful gaze on the ground and traced a pattern in the dust with his toe. "Why not get a job?" he suggested. "Must be some jobs going somewhere, of some kind! At least, I should think so."

"Not for me!" Pierrot shook his head decidedly. "I wasn't intended to work—you've only to look at me to see that. There isn't a living soul who'd give me a job, unless it might be a poet, and they

don't make a living themselves, as a general thing."

"You may be right," Harlequin rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Quite possibly you are right. You do occasionally hit on a truth, I will admit. But, tell you what," he added, looking bright, "why not display your bleeding heart in the Market Place? I'll bet you'd rake in a nice little pile! It isn't everyone who's got a bleeding heart to show, after all."

Pierrot cringed. "I couldn't do a thing like that," he cried, white hands clasped against his breast. "I couldn't possibly. But—you really think it might be a good proposition?"

"You try it," advised Harlequin. "I'll bet you're a made man!"

So Pierrot, strolling to the Market Place, leaned on a wall for a time, looking reflectively on the bustling crowds.

Then, selecting what seemed a likely pitch, close to the stall where they sold gingerbread dolls and Valentines, he put a modest card outside the striped tent he had picked up for a mere song on the way, and informed the populace

that his bleeding heart was on show within in return for a certain quite small consideration.

And, much to his surprise, his bleeding heart proved quite an attraction—so much so, that before long there was a tidy queue, all waiting and eager to have a look at Pierrot's bleeding heart.

And the sound of small considerations clinked most agreeably in the little silver bowl which Pierrot set beside the entrance and which he found himself obliged to empty every now and again so that there should be room for more. And the populace gaped and exclaimed and even giggled, and although Pierrot wasn't sure he liked it much, he couldn't deny the fact that the contents of the silver bowl were going to be very useful.

Quite soon he got hardened and took no notice whatever of the rude remarks hurled at his tent by the Punch and Judy man, whose audience had forsaken him for the novelty of a bleeding heart. Also, he utterly ignored the stall-keepers who accused him of ruining trade just because people would rather spend their housekeeping money on seeing his bleeding heart than lay it out sensibly on butter and eggs, and he turned a completely deaf ear to the man who sold little animals of glass with incredibly beautiful tails.

Even when the last stall had been folded up and taken away on its scarlet wheels—even when the voice of Punch was stilled and the roundabout had given its last squawk, Pierrot was still displaying his bleeding heart!

At last, however, a sickle moon peeped over the house-tops and darkness began to fall on the Market Place, and then, finding himself alone, Pierrot laughed in silent glee, gathered up all the small considerations, tied them up in a sack, flung it over his shoulder, and sped to the house of Columbine.

Her windows shone with golden light against the blue velvet of the night, and lightly, gaily, Pierrot's white fingers tapped on a pane.

Pulling aside a curtain, Columbine peeped out. Then she came to the door and flung it wide, and with a magniloquent gesture, Pierrot flung the sack filled with small considerations at her feet.

It clinked pleasantly as it fell, but Columbine pushed it with her toe and wrinkled her nose disdainfully.

"I don't want it," she said clearly. "I don't want you, either!"

"But—but I—"

"I know," said Columbine, with cruel distinctness. "I know all about it. You've been displaying your bleeding heart in the Market Place! Harlequin told me. And as I told him, you can stay there for all I care! Just fancy! Going off like that and displaying your bleeding heart in the Market Place when I quite supposed that I was the only person in the world who was to be allowed to see it!"

The door slammed. The golden lights went out, and Pierrot, taking a seat on the bottom step, which felt rather cold, rested his chin in his hands and gazed sombrely into the blue velvet of the night.



Batmain

MRS. FRANCIS RICARDO

Driving off from the Gate Hole tee at North Berwick. Mrs. Ricardo, the former Mlle. Kapferer, was a French lady golf international. Mr. Francis Ricardo won the Belgian Amateur Championship in 1934. Mrs. Ricardo is staying with her father-in-law, Colonel Wilfrid Ricardo, who used to be in the Blues



Pooler, Dublin

THE DUHALLOW'S NEW MASTER

Mrs. Lennox Livingstone-Learmonth, who, in her husband's absence on service, is carrying on the Mastership of these hounds with Mr. Grove Annersley this season. The other Joint-Master, Mr. A. C. Fane, is also on service



J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

THE SPLASH

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE TAKEN AT FROGLAND'S WATERSPLASH, CARISBROOKE, ISLE OF WIGHT



"THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED"—TOM TITT'S IMPRESSIONS

The Palladium is nightly proving that blackness and potential bombers will not scare Londoners away from the chance of a good laugh. According to latest reports, the walls bulge as the house rocks at every performance of the Crazy Gang's new topical rag. And for forgetting about all that's going on outside, Bud Flanagan's warlike hat is well set off by the lady in the centre's discreet doves of peace. It is not known when the Hamburg radio will report these birds as a sign that Britain is weakening



**You'll feel better when
you've had a GUINNESS**

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.F.46.A.



WHY

By CHARLES SPENCELAYH. R.M.S., R.B.S.A.(HON.), B.W.S. From the picture exhibited in



VAR?

his year's Royal Academy and which has been purchased by the Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston



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THE BEAUTY AND TALENT— —OF THE FILMS



BETTE

DAVIS



MARY MARTIN, WHO IS IN THE "VICTOR HERBERT" PICTURE

All the lovely ladies on this page have had very little leisure of late, especially Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan. Bette Davis is the unfortunate heroine who has a tumour on the brain in that depressing picture *Dark Victory*, and she is now hard at work with Miriam Hopkins on *The Old Maid*. Ann Sheridan—see right for a beautiful creation in frosted silver metal cloth—is in *The City of Lost Men*, in which Anna May Wong leads, and in *Winter Carnival*, at the London Pavilion, and in *The Angels Wash Their Faces*, at the Warner Theatre—quite enough to be getting on with. Mary Martin is the beautiful Broadway singing star who made her début in Paramount's *Victor Herbert*, and her fame in the Broadway show *Leave It to Me* with her song "My Heart Belongs to Daddy"



ANN SHERIDAN, WHO IS IN SO MANY
NEW PICTURES

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The oldest inhabitant had celebrated his hundredth birthday, and the reporter of a local paper called upon him for an interview. Having congratulated the old fellow, the reporter asked a few questions.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" he inquired.

The centenarian paused a moment and then, holding up his hand and ticking off the items on his fingers, began: "I never smoked, drank alcoholic liquors, or over-ate, and I always rise at six in the morning."

The reporter wrote it all down. "But," he protested, however, "I had an uncle who acted in that way, yet he only lived to be eighty. How do you account for that?"

"He didn't keep it up long enough," was the calm reply.

Some more schoolboy howlers, collected by Cecil Hunt: Hypocrisy is a disease that often affects people who talk too much.

The King's descent was marred by only one female.

Guy Fawkes would have been successful if he hadn't smelt a rat.

Blake improved conditions on the lower deck by instituting consolation prizes for widows.

A mongrel is a dog with no set plan.

Nowadays some women wear their hair like a man, or like a page-boy, but they are still ladies, for Cromwell wore his hair long and kept a man. It's really what you are used to.

We do not get equal nights and days here because the earth revolts regularly.

The bus just managed to pull to a sudden stop, with a terrible screaming of brakes, in time to avoid a pedestrian who was dithering about all over the road.

The driver leaned out of his bus, crimson with anger. Controlling himself with a great effort, he asked politely:

"May I ask just what are your plans, sir?"

"Please, madam," said the maid, "there's a poor man outside who wants something to eat."

"All right, Mary," replied the mistress, "give him some potatoes and bread."

"But he seems to have seen better days."

"All right; give him a napkin, too."

The little girl and her mother hurried into the church, fearing that they were going to be late.

The organist was still playing the voluntary as they passed into their pew.

"It's all right, Mummy," whispered the little girl, "it's only the signature tune."

A Dictator State is one where everything that is not compulsory is forbidden.

"Mummy," said the small child, "did God make you?"

"Of course He did, my dear," replied her mother.

"And did He make me, too?"

"Of course."

There was a short pause. Then: "I think His work is improving, don't you?"



H.R.H. PRINCE KNUD OF DENMARK AND HIS DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ELIZABETH

The little Princess is the youngest member of the Danish Royal house and her father is the second son of King Christian and is a Captain of Corvettes in the Danish Navy. Princess Elizabeth was born in 1935

THE boat was two days out of New York when the drunk staggered from his state-room for the first time. He lurched to the bar, ordered a drink, and then leaned towards the bar-tender.

"Shay, buddy," he asked, "where am I?"

The bar-tender served him.

"You're on board a liner, sir," he replied, "and we are in the middle of the ocean."

"You don't shay!" grunted the other. "What ocean ish it?"

"The Atlantic Ocean," said the bar-tender.

"My goodness!" drooled the drunk. "Where am I going?"

"To Havre, France," said the man behind the bar.

"And where ish this boat going?"

"Same place," smiled the bar-tender.

The inebriated one seemed overjoyed.

"What a coincidence!" he hiccupped happily. "Mind if I shtick around?"



ANOTHER BEDTIME PICTURE

H.R.H. the Princess Knud also tells her pretty little daughter (and friend) that the time has come when all good little girls should be asleep. Princess Knud is the former Princess Caroline Mathilde of Denmark, and was married in 1933 at the Castle of Fredensborg, the autumn residence of the Danish Royal Family

Photos: Schneider

A FAMOUS IRISH POET-DRAMATIST— VERY MUCH AT HOME



THE HON. MRS. RANDAL PLUNKETT,
LORD DUNSANY'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW



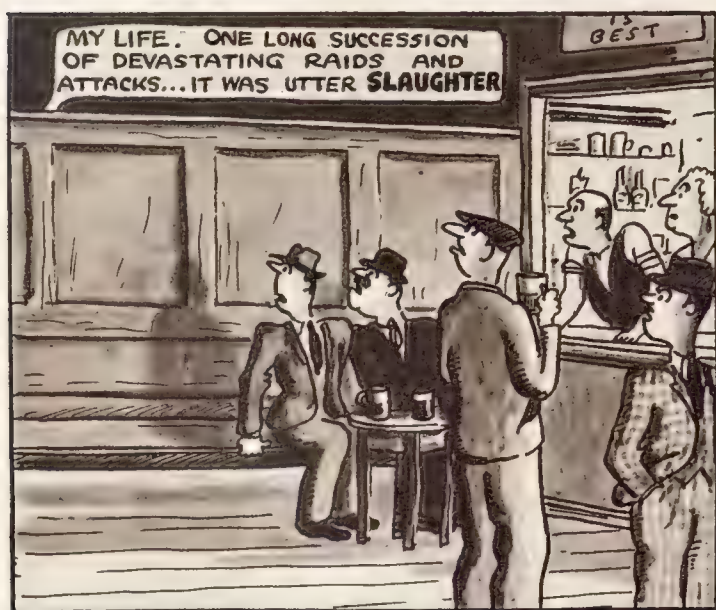
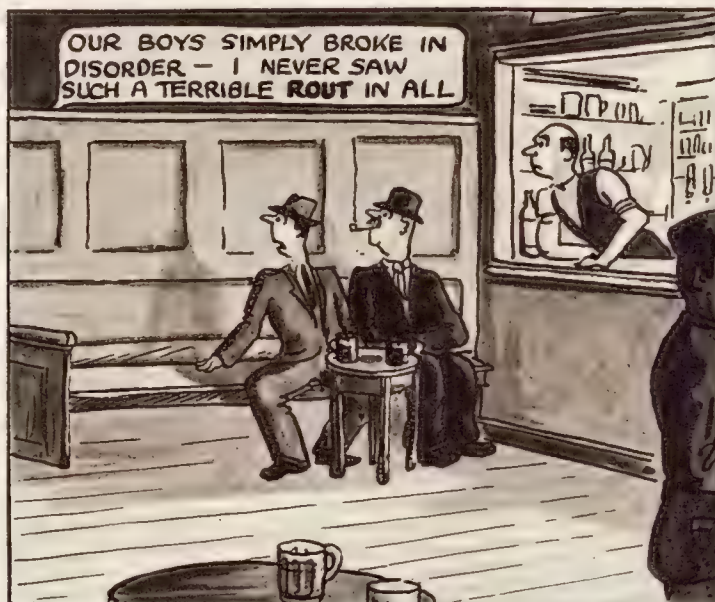
THE NEWLY ARRIVED EDWARD PLUNKETT
AND HIS MOTHER



THREE GENERATIONS: LORD DUNSANY, HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,
AND HIS FIRST GRANDSON

All these pictures, at Dunsany Castle, Co. Meath, were taken quite recently. The new grandson of Ireland's famous poet-dramatist and Lady Dunsany arrived after his father, Captain the Hon. Randal Plunkett, who is in a very famous Indian cavalry regiment, had been recalled from leave on the outbreak of war, and this may be the first he will see of his son who has been christened Edward Carlos, his first name being his grandfather's. Mrs. Randal Plunkett is a Brazilian, and is the daughter of Señor La Sotto Maior of San Paolo. Lord Dunsany's latest book was "The Story of Mona Sheehy," which was published by Heinemann in September

Photos: Poole, Dublin



WHAT A DIFFERENCE A WAR MAKES

By Pat Auld

WHEN IT'S NIGHT-TIME IN LONDON



HERMIONE AND ANGELA BADDELEY

Bertram Park



Cannons of Hollywood

HERMIONE GINGOLD



DIANA STUART IN THE CABARET CLUB'S "VAMPS THROUGH THE AGES"



THREE MORE OF THE CABARET CLUB'S VAMPS



FAN-DANCER DENISE VANE AT THE CABARET CLUB

Week by week London's gaiety after dark increases. Amongst the theatres now going the *Little* and the *Ambassadors* are catching the tone of the times with new editions of those great pre-war, sophisticated successes, *The Little Revue* (now non-stop and allowed by the Lord Chamberlain to include the amusing and formerly banned "Even Hitler Had a Mother") and *The Gate Revue*. In each of them a Hermione has a leading part, Hermione Baddeley at the *Little* and Hermione Gingold, with her exquisitely funny character-sketches of fitness girls and such-like contemporary foibles, at the *Ambassadors*. And for after the show the "niteries" of Mayfair and Soho, many of them natural air raid shelters, are going strong with their "hot" bands and lavish floor-shows. Among them, the Cabaret Club, in Beak Street, has arranged a fine programme of loveliness and grace including a parade of "Vamps Through the Ages" and a performance by Denise Vane, said to be "England's most sensational fan-dancer," seen above in costume awaiting her turn. She is, incidentally, in her spare time a tin-hatted air-raid warden, looking after a lucky section of Westminster's citizens

A GREAT DAY'S 'CHASING

AT NAVAN LAST WEEK



MRS. AIMÉE LOPES
AND MR. SHAWE TAYLOR (AN OWNER)



MRS. HUGH MAGUIRE
NIXON WATCHING "WORKMAN"



COL. ST. GEORGE SMITH AND DAUGHTER,
MRS. RICHARD MAINWARING



MR. AND MRS. ALAN GRAVES
IN THE PADDOCK



MR. HUBERT HARTIGAN AND
MR. PETER BURRELL



MRS. JOCK COLLINS WITH
MR. ARCHDALE PORTER

Photos: Poole, Dublin

They had what presumably would be called locally the broth of a card at the Navan 'chases the day these pictures were taken—two first-class Grand National cracks in the big race: "Workman," this year's winner, and "Royal Danieli," who ran up to "Battleship" in 1938, and neither of them placed. "Workman" fell, and the weight anchored the other one. Mr. Dunne Cullinan's "West Point" won it. The Maguire family turned up in force to see "Workman" run, and Sir Alexander Maguire's daughter-in-law is in a picture at the top with Sir Christopher Nixon's wife. Mr. Shawe Taylor had "Smiling Morn" running (unsuccessfully) in the Grange Plate. Mrs. Lopes is a sister of the Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett. Hubert Hartigan has decided to desert Berks and train in Eire for the duration—a wise move probably. Mr. Peter Burrell, seen with him, is Sir Merrik's son and Director of the National Stud in Kildare. Mr. Alan Graves, with attractive wife, was at the British Embassy in Berlin before the balloon went up, and no doubt saw almost as much of German official bad manners as he wanted to

"WAR" IN THE WOODLANDS.



PEACE FOR EVERYONE, BAR THE CUBS—THE WORCESTERSHIRE AT HINDLIP



MAJOR AND LADY ELIZABETH MOTION
WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE



MR. W. J. MISKIN WITH
THE R.E. BEAGLES



MRS. GREGSON, JOINT-M.F.H. THE CRAWLEY
AND HORSHAM

Hunting is carrying on in most regions, even though, as in the last scrap, the enterprise is on a restricted scale, and no one is likely to wear the customary glad rags during the season proper. No one did last time—not even the M.F.H.s, unless they were hunting hounds. All the above snapshots had to do with cubbing operations in various parts. The Worcestershire look as if they had struck the line of a journeyman. Anyway, it is a pretty picture. Major Motion, seen with his wife, who is a sister of Lord Verulam, is a former Joint-Master of the Hertfordshire, and also used to be well known down Warwickshire way. Mrs. Gregson is carrying on the Mastership of the Crawley and Horsham single-handed during the absence of her "partner," the Hon. Guy Cubitt, on business not unconnected with the disreputable firm of Hitler and Co., Ltd.



A CAMBRIDGE XV. v. R.A.F.

Crisp

Although the normal University sporting programme has been considerably upset by present conditions, Rugger matches are still being played and, in the case of the University XV. seen above, won. This XV. met an R.A.F. side the other day, and overcame them to the tune of 21-nil, after a fast game. The names in the picture are: (l. to r., back row) H. M. Wilmersdoerffer, D. Barnes, A. J. Stevens, J. H. Gibson, B. W. Rhodes, C. P. Scott; (seated) E. R. Knapp, L. E. Grose, M. G. Webber, C. L. Newton-Thompson (captain), J. P. Stevens, I. M. Moffat, V. F. Collison; (on ground), A. J. Herbert, H. W. Williams

Lament for Toughness.

ONCE I took pleasure in believing in them; the tall, broad-shouldered, rough, tough, hundred-per-cent. he-men pilots of the United States' flying services. They were a tonic and one of America's chief exports to this country. In film and story they played their pulsing parts; quickening the heart-beats, raising the blood-pressure and wrecking the digestion. Immense sinewy, calm-eyed, keen-jawed bullocks of the Great Beyond. How we rose to them! How we revelled in their daring handling of their high-powered "ships" on the mail lines and in the races! How we thrilled when they "tested out" a dangerous new "ship" and "hell-dived" it until we could see—in gigantic close-up—the blood pouring from their noses; and how we cheered when finally they "won through" to the girl of their choice! Why, they only had to appear on the screen or in the picture-heading of the story, yearning up at the sky, keen-eyed, strong-jawed, and we knew we were in for stuff to make our hair curl, with the engines roaring and the crowd yelling itself hoarse. I really think that we had almost begun to believe in them, and to think that American air pilots had some streak of heroism and bravery denied to the pilots of other countries.

And then the war came and wrecked the whole thing! For it is no use denying that the smallest of the feats of British, French and German pilots on war service makes the greatest of the feats of those filmic pilots look ludicrously bogus. The reflection of the American pilot which we have been allowed to see in film and story likes to keep constantly in the mind of his admirers the idea that he lives and flies on the brink of death and is always taking tremendous risks. But the war pilot does really live on the brink of death and does really take

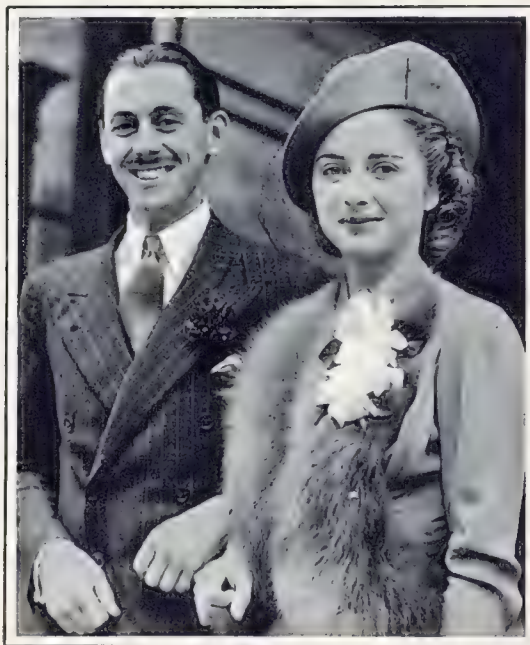
and fought battles with units of the British Royal Air Force, and they finally set off for the 760 kilometres journey home.

Our own pilots did a feat of great daring in the Kiel raid; but they traversed what amounts to friendly territory until they were fairly near their objective. For the North Sea is certainly more British than German, whatever the Nazi wireless may say.

Both raids, however, were noteworthy for the courage they demanded in the pilots. Similarly, the German raid at Scapa demanded courage and daring and also original thought in the staff. It had the effect of surprise because it was directed at a point where superficial examination of the problems might have led to the conclusion that raids were unlikely.

It will be remembered that the Germans in the war of 1914 caused surprise by using the extreme limits of their aircraft capabilities. So it is again. A raid done on some point so far from the nearest base as to be an unexpected mark is more likely to achieve surprise, and all the advantages which go with it, than the raids made on the obvious and near objective. But both kinds of raid make huge demands on the human material and are a real test of courage and daring.

Out of this war already there are emerging heroes greater than any which went before them. And they dwarf all the fictional heroes that the American or other film producers or the fiction writers could invent before war was declared. U.S.A. pilots may be good pilots; but we have no evidence that they are as courageous as British, French and German pilots. They may be equally courageous. But—fortunately for them—they have never yet had the opportunity of proving it.



CAMBRIDGE BLUE WEDS

One of the rush of recent marriages at Caxton Hall, Westminster, was that of Miss Betty Van Den Bergh to Mr. W. L. H. Thring, son of a former Cambridge don, Mr. Leonard Thring, himself a Cambridge Blue and Olympic athlete. The bridegroom is now in the R.A.F. Mrs. Thring is the daughter of Mr. Sidney Van Den Bergh, former managing director of a famous margarine firm

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

tremendous risks. He may not be so picturesque a figure. He may lack the keen-jawed, lanky leanness of the filmic figure. But he is the real stuff; utterly authentic. Already we have seen something of his exploits. They are a testimony to the power of the human spirit.

Great Deeds.

Let us pay tribute to the German pilots who raided the Firth of Forth. I can do so, for I have been, and shall remain, an implacable enemy to Germany and her militaristic ways and militaristic outlook. I cannot be suspected of Nazi sympathies. Consequently I can commend the exploits of German airmen with greater authority than others. Now a flight over the North Sea of 760 kilometres out and 760 kilometres back, without any trustworthy advance meteorological information, in a landplane is an appreciable feat under peace conditions and in the knowledge that shipping will do all it can to ensure the safety of the flight. But consider what those German pilots attempted and achieved. They made their outward flight of 760 kilometres; they then pierced the British defences and came low to bomb units of the British fleet. They then were engaged



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LIEUT. AND MRS. J. H. PAWLE
AT AN EXCITING MOMENT



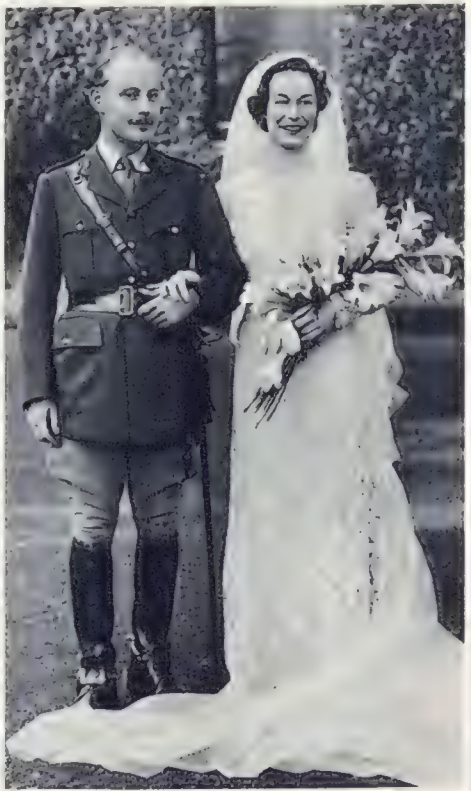
BEST MAN AND BRIDESMAID: CAPTAIN PAT TALBOT SMITH AND MISS SUSAN PAWLE



LIEUTENANT AND MRS. FRED GRAHAM
AND APPROPRIATE GUARD OF HONOUR



ENGAGED: CAPTAIN THE HON. RICHARD DENISON-PENDER AND MISS LOUISE RIVIERE



LIEUTENANT AND MRS. RODNEY GOLD
LEAVING SPOFFORTH CHURCH

The evacuation of Eros from Piccadilly Circus has had no effect whatever upon the general offensive of the god whom he symbolises. The above small record is only a part of the corroborative evidence. First on the list is Lt. J. H. Pawle's wedding to the former Miss Sonia ("Bunty") Tolkien. The R.N.V.R. bridegroom played cricket for Harrow, Cambridge and Essex, and let's hope he will be doing it for the last-named soon again. The best man, Captain Talbot Smith, is with a sister of the bridegroom, who was one of the bridesmaids. Lieutenant Tetley, the only other sailor at the wedding, ski-ed for Oxford last season at Sestrières, and Mrs. Britton's husband is in the Tins. Lieutenant Graham, as can be surmised, even by the stupidest spy, is in a famous Highland regiment. His bride was Miss Jean Stirling, second daughter of Sir George and Lady Stirling of Glorat, Milton of Campsie, Stirlingshire, of which county Sir George is Lord Lieutenant. The engagement of Lord Pender's younger son to Miss Riviere is of recent announcement. Lieutenant Rodney Gold's bride was the former Miss Rosemary Nickols, and her mother is the Joint-Master of the Bramham Moor with Lord Bingley

Silk Stockings

★ A WORD FROM ARISTOC ★

WEARERS OF ARISTOC have been asking whether there is likely to be a shortage of their favourite stockings. The makers of Aristoc can assure the many thousands of women who 'never buy any other' that their policy is to maintain a production as near to normal as supplies of silk permit.

In every detail of quality and finish the fine standard of Aristoc will in all circumstances be absolutely maintained.

The cost of silk having nearly doubled since the early part of the year, this policy has naturally led to an increase in selling prices; and as it is impossible to foretell how prices will be affected as time goes on, some further increase may be inevitable. But with their record of good value and service, Aristoc Ltd. believe that their many friends would rather pay a little more than accept an inferior standard.

Although shoppers may find the Aristoc range of shades not quite as wide as usual, a good choice of leading shades will always be available.

In brief, it will be the policy of Aristoc Ltd. to maintain supplies as far as circumstances permit, but above all to maintain QUALITY.

The Aristocrat
of Silk Stockings



3/11, 4/11,
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First Floor



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Separately—

Jacket - - **52/6**
Trousers - **27/6**

The Shirt is one of many, in a variety of colours, and is priced at - - - **10/9**

(These prices only hold good while present stocks last.)

Swan & Edgar
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1



OFFICERS OF THE NTH FIELD REGIMENT, ROYAL ARTILLERY

These officers are, like so many others, dotted in unspecifiable places all over the country, training, hard for the immensely important part gunners play in modern or any other kind of war. The picture is made particularly interesting by the inclusion of Colonel N. H. C. Sherbrooke, D.S.O., now O.C. Troops, ——— Garrison, whose military career started with the South African War, and who was G.S.O.1 with the Baltic Military Mission in 1919, and during the Arab rising in Mesopotamia. He was also later Commandant of the School of Artillery in India. The names read: (back row, l. to r.) 2nd Lieuts. F. E. G. Owen, T. M. Barrett, R. J. Bury, R. S. Thwaites, D. J. Glanfield, J. Leslie, G. H. D. Heath, P. W. Price, S. G. Kent; (front row, l. to r.) Lieut. and Q.M. F. F. Geldart, Lieut. H. Bloom, R.A.M.C., Major D. B. Cathie, Colonel N. H. C. Sherbrooke, D.S.O. (O.C. Troops, ——— Garrison), Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Mackellar, T.D. (C.O.), Major A. J. Baxter, M.M., T.D. (2nd-in-Command), Major J. B. Hamilton-Meikle, Captain S. M. Roberts (Adj.), Captain R. A. Collins (Garrison Adj.), Captain the Rev. C. O'Shea, R.A.C.D.

Lighting the Pedestrian.

THE slaughter of pedestrians during the black-out period calls for urgent remedy. That it has assumed such dimensions—roughly twice the total of the equivalent month in 1938—is no surprise to anyone who has tried to drive either in town or country during black-out hours. Then the only guides to road navigation are the dim lights of other vehicles, reflector-lights on the road, and white lines and surfaces. As most of these aids are missing in the country, transport in safety is ninety per cent. good luck and guesswork.

As there seems no chance of car-lighting being improved, the only alternative is to light the pedestrian or to make him more easily visible to the motorist. Is it, therefore, too far-fetched an idea to suggest the application of reflector-lights to the person of the pedestrian? These reflectors might be fitted to a safety-belt, anklet or armlet, and might have to be made in a particular colour or form to signify their special use.

Negotiating Floods.

THE floods which swamped large Midland areas recently recalled two exciting experiences under similar conditions some years ago. A series of cloudbursts in the Severn Valley had practically cut off Herefordshire from Worcestershire. Reports of impassable roads and of bridges almost submerged met me again and again. But I got through eventually by crossing the bridge at Upton-on-Severn, where the swollen waters were lapping the roadside railings fifteen or twenty feet above normal level.

The other adventure occurred

PETROL VAPOUR

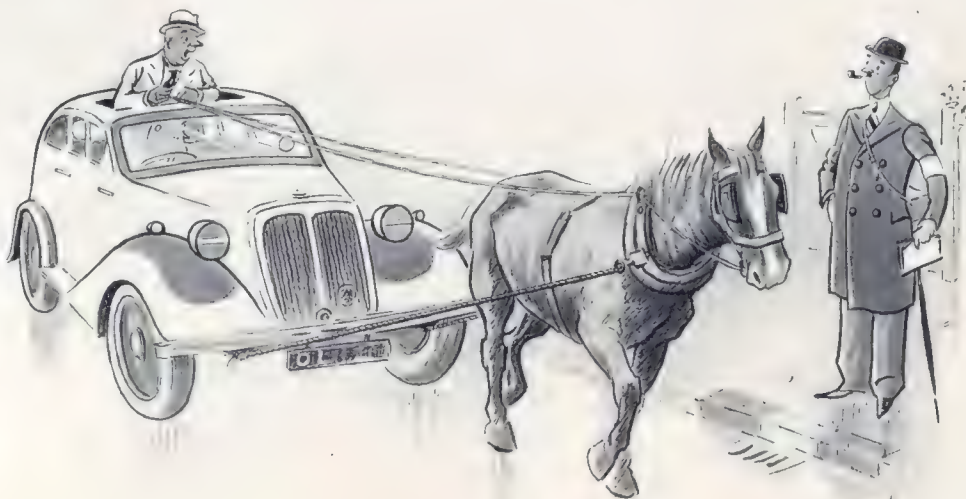
By W. G. McMINNIES

at Long Compton, on the Oxford-Stratford-on-Avon road. This village lies at the foot of a long incline, so that when a Bank Holiday cloudburst of major importance visited the place the road was soon flooded to a depth of several feet. We proceeded gingerly through the flood, keeping an eye on the rising level of the water through the offside door. All was going well, though the water was coming through the floor-boards, when, alas! the road dipped, increased the flood's depth—and the engine stopped. In vain did I attempt to proceed by using the battery, for it, too, had been overcome. So there was nothing to do but abandon the car and carry the various members of the party through the water to a place of safety—in this case the upper story of a cottage some hundreds of yards away. The waters subsided next day and we spent the rest of the holiday cleaning out the dirt from the petrol-tank, carburetter, cylinders, and ignition apparatus.

America's New Models.

NEW York has just staged its annual motor show. Prices are down, despite larger and more comfortable coachwork and generally heavier vehicles. How

long they will stay at such a low level remains to be seen. Glancing at the illustrations of these new cars, the first thing that strikes one is their apparent similarity. The leaders of fashion have followed the prow-like frontal aspect pioneered two years ago on the "Lincoln-Zephyr." The front wings are smoothed into the bonnet and, like those at the rear, are extended backwards for some distance.



"This, until the beginning of next month, old boy!"

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN

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Pain after meals

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without pain and discomfort afterwards? That is because acid turns your food tough and you cannot digest it. 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets relieve the acidity at once and your stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease.

Your indigestion has vanished and need never return. Get a tin of Tablets now and prove this at your next meal.

Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1s. Also family sizes 2s. and 3s. 6d. Obtainable everywhere.



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Remember! . . . if you cannot call, Aquascutum have a specially trained post order staff.

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POPPY DAY IN WAR TIME

For 18 years British people have given freely to Lord Haig's Poppy Day Appeal. Their generosity has built up the World's finest beneficent organisation for men who have served their Country in War.

With the tragedy of War again forced on us, OUR NEEDS ARE GREATER.

The men now serving, and those who will be serving in the anxious days ahead, are to share with their fathers of 1914/18 the benefits of all British Legion schemes of assistance.

POPPY DAY is of even greater importance in War time. It is unquestionably the finest medium through which you can help those who serve the Empire.

DONATIONS AND POPPY SELLERS

These are our urgent needs. Please send gifts and offers of help to your local Poppy Day Committee, or to:

HAIG'S FUND, CARDIGAN HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY

TWO GENERATIONS NEED YOUR HELP PLEASE BE VERY GENEROUS

WANTED FURS & FUR COATS

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Special Home Treatment, 10/6 post free. (for those unable to attend for Diathermy) 12/6 abroast.

LILLIAN GRANT

Practising personally at Paris & London Consulting Rooms. Write only:—13, River Way, Ewell, Surrey, England.

Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

The Highway of Fashion

By M.E. Brooke



NOW that we are entering the first winter of the war, raiment that is warm and simple is all important. Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly, are making a feature of coats that really are admirable. The model above comes from the large-size department, where women who sometimes have difficulty in looking smart may have their problems solved in a highly satisfactory manner. This particular affair is 100 per cent pure Suri alpaca, or, as it has been amusingly christened, "thermos" wool. It is warm and light, while the price is only 5 guineas. Again, there are the well-cut knock-about coats for 70s. Coats trimmed with Persian lamb are 7½ guineas



'OFF-DUTY DRESSES' play a very important rôle today. There is no one who understands the art of creating the same better than Walpole's, New Bond Street. Much to be desired is the house dress on the right. It is carried out in two shades of a very light wool material; the shaped band gives it a tailored aspect and it can be slipped on in a fraction of a second. A strong point in its favour is that it is 6½ guineas. Neither must it be overlooked that there is an infinite variety of quilted satin dressing-gowns in light and dark shades. The latest version of the siren suit in wool velour coating is 5½ guineas; it is cut on the lines of a baby's sleeping suit

Fashion Catalogue post free.

With a book or a friend you are equally at home in this deliciously warm ribbed novel jersey backed velour Tea Gown with concealed zip down front, finished contrasting satin rouleau ribbon round neck and sash lined to match.
Melon, Royal, Powder and Wine in stock sizes.

79/6



Walpoles
EXQUISITE LINENS EXCLUSIVE CLOTHES

87-91 NEW BOND ST., W.1. 108-110 KENSINGTON HIGH ST.



By Appointment



Mink---

AT DEBENHAM & FREEBODY'S

Coat of natural Mink 179 gns.

Write for new catalogue
of "Furs of Authority"

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1
Langham 4444 (Debenhams, Ltd.)



MRS. C. KINGSLEY SCOTT

who was married recently. She was the former Miss Margaret Selwyn-Thomas, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. F. P. Selwyn-Thomas, of London and Gateshead-on-Tyne, and her marriage to Mr. C. Kingsley Scott took place at St. James's Church, Sussex Gardens, W.2.

Marsh, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Cunliffe Marsh, D.S.O., O.B.E., and Mrs. Marsh, of East Keal Manor, Spilsby, Lincolnshire.

Saturday's Weddings.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Henry Cramsie and Miss Gabrielle Hornby will take place quietly at Hexham Abbey on Saturday at 1.30 p.m. The wedding will also take place on Saturday between Sub-Lieutenant Thomas Michael Rumbold, R.N.V.R., and Miss Hazel

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marriage in India.

The engagement is announced, and the marriage will take place shortly in India between Lieutenant Geoffrey Malcolm Fawcett Alston, Indian Army, youngest son of the Bishop of Middleton and Mrs. Alston, and Miss Audrey Mabel Lawder, younger daughter of the late Mr. F. G. L. Bertram, C.B.E., and Mrs. Bertram, of Berkhamsted.

Forthcoming Marriage.

The marriage will take place quietly in London on November 24 between Captain John Malcolm McNeill, Royal Artillery, only son of Brigadier-General Angus McNeill, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. McNeill, and Miss Helen Barbara Christina



LIEUTENANT J. F. WHARTON TOMSON AND
MISS E. M. SANDELL

whose engagement was announced recently. Miss Sandell is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Sandell, of 9 Queen's Park Road, Bournemouth, and Lieutenant Tomson is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wharton Tomson, of 19 Queensberry House, Richmond, Surrey

Hampshire at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon.

Friday's Wedding

The marriage arranged between Captain J. A. Briggs and Miss Mary Favell will take place quietly on Friday at Chelsea Old Church at 2.30 p.m.

Recent Engagements.

The engagement is announced between Flight Lieutenant A. C. Wilkie, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wilkie, of Cork, and the Hon. Katherine Moira Moncrieff, eldest

daughter of Lord and Lady Moncrieff, Tullibole Castle, Fossoway, Kinross-shire; Flight Lieutenant Howard F. Burton, youngest son of the late Major L.

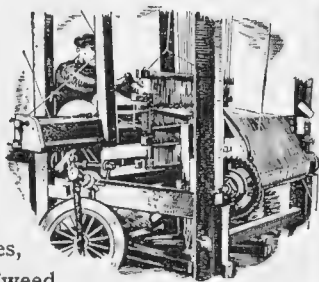
Burton, R.A., and Mrs. Burton, of Eire, and Miss Jean Ferelith Maxwell, only daughter of Air Commodore E. D. M. Robertson, C.B., D.F.C., (retired), and Mrs. Robertson, of Surrey; Mr. Peter Robert Tabor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tabor, of Welwyn, and Miss Juliet Mary Acland, daughter of Sir William and Lady Acland, of Welwyn; Lieutenant David J. A. Heber-Percy, Royal Navy, and Miss Anne Veronica Hamilton Grace.



MR. AND MRS. N. M. McELLIGOTT

who were married recently. The bride was the former Miss Suzanne Barratt, only daughter of Air Marshal and Mrs. A. S. Barratt, of Eastfield House, Andover, Hants. The bridegroom, who is in the Royal Air Force, is Mr. Neil Martin McElligott, only son of Mr. Justice McElligott, K.C., of the County Club, Limerick, and Mrs. McElligott

Pride of Craftsmanship



AWAY to the north-west of Scotland lies a group of islands known as the Outer Hebrides, the home of Harris Tweed.

For generations the islanders have made this famous tweed, a cloth which reflects the sterling worth of these hardy folk. Woven by hand, Harris Tweed is the very embodiment of traditional skill and pride of craftsmanship, a pride shared by weaver and wearer alike.

HARRIS TWEED

See that this label is sewn in the garment you buy. It is a guarantee that the Tweed is made from pure Scottish wool, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides and handwoven by the islanders at their own homes.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL
ON THE GARMENT
LOOK FOR THE MARK
ON THE CLOTH



Issued by the Harris Tweed Association Ltd., 5 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

Uniform by — Garrould



ANNE. The bodice of this Afternoon Dress has two tucks either side, and opens down left hand side, fastening on shoulder. It has an inset waist band and a wide box pleat back and front of skirt.

Made in All Wool Repp, Black, Navy, Royal, Brown, Green, Grey and Wine - - - - 25/11

APRON 738. Strong apron in reliable white Lawn, trimmed with three tucks across bib and skirt - - - 1/8

Cap 448. To match apron

1/6 1/2

Set 197. For V neck

1/6 1/2

Owing to the uncertain cost of materials, the prices in this advertisement are liable to an advance without notice.

Beautifully illustrated catalogue—post free.



E. & R. GARROULD LTD., 150-162 EDGWARE RD., LONDON, W.2

SAMUEL SODEN'S NEW CATALOGUE of FURS

Just off the Press!

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Model Coat in BEAVER LAMB. Fine quality Beaver Lamb skins—selected for depth of hair and rich colouring—are used in this charming coat **18 Gns.**

FURS on APPROVAL—

A selection of Furs will gladly be forwarded on Approval for inspection in your own home. Write for Catalogue and particulars.

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Then, life was natural, simple and full. To-day it is complicated, exhausting and nerve-racking. Your body is fighting an unequal struggle. Luckily, as the article below shows, 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food can restore the balance.

How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

In warfare, every new offensive weapon is quickly met by an effective method of defence. Poison gas brings the gas mask, more perfect aeroplanes are countered by bigger and better anti-aircraft guns, and so on. Luckily, science has already perfected an antidote to the latest form of warfare—the war of nerves. It is called 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. During the last war a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons that 'Sanatogen' "is a national necessity for preserving good nerves."

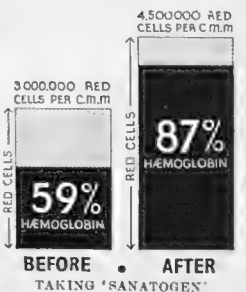
To-day, his statement is supported by more than 25,000 doctors who have written in praise of 'Sanatogen'. Ask your doctor about the effects of continued nervous strain. He will tell you that the strain can only be countered by adequate nerve-nourishment; that this nourishment is best supplied by organic phosphorus and protein.

'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food gives these elements in their simplest, most readily assimilable form—a form so pure and so easily digested that it can be taken, with benefit, by everyone—even invalids, small children and diabetics. Just as 'Genasprin' is accepted by the medical profession as the finest and most efficacious of all brands of analgesics, so is 'Sanatogen' recognised as being pre-eminent in its field.

If your nerves are getting the better of you, start a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food at once. But don't wait until the enemy's attack has weakened you. Start building your defence line *now*. By putting yourself and your family on an eight weeks' course at once, you will be safely entrenched behind a wall of assured resistance. Buy a family jar to-day

Tests prove that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food builds rich, red blood.

Among many interesting cases in which 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food has been used in the treatment of anemia, is one reported by—M.D., M.B., D.P.H. It showed that after one month's use of 'Sanatogen' there was an increase in red cells from three million per c.mm. to four and a half million per c.mm. The count at the beginning of the treatment showed only 59% hæmoglobin. At the end of a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food, 87% hæmoglobin was reported—an increase of 28%.



'SANATOGEN'
NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The words 'SANATOGEN' and 'GENASPRIN' are the Registered Trade Marks of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

"Inside Knowledge" contains 32 pages (size 20 1/2" x 14 1/2") of special drawings taken from "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" showing interior features and complete working details of famous Ships, the Aeroplanes of the Great Powers, Television, how Wireless Beacons Guide Ships, how Wireless Waves Guide Aeroplanes... and many more. It is beautifully bound in a blue, "leather" finished cover. You will find much to hold your attention in this amazingly interesting and educative book.

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AT A RECENT SOCIETY WEDDING IN CHELSEA



MR. G. E. PIKE AND MISS HANBURY



SIR HUGH AND LADY SMILEY



MR. EGERTON AND MISS ANNE CHRISTIAN

There was a great gathering of uniforms last week at the wedding of Mr. J. M. Christian and Miss Bridget Smiley, which took place at the Chelsea Old Church. The bridegroom is the only son of the late Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Christian, and the bride the only daughter of the late Captain Hubert Smiley and of Mrs. Denton Carlisle, of 49 Grosvenor Square. She was given away by her stepfather, Major Denton Carlisle, D.S.O., M.C. Of the guests, Mr. G. E. Pike and Miss Hanbury have just announced their engagement

Petrol Vapour

(Continued from page 168)

In elevation they do not present a pretty shape, but perhaps the fact that the running board is dispensed with accounts for their queer proportions and prevents mud from being thrown up by the wheels on to door panels and boot.

Most of the leading models are fitted with gear-change levers under the steering wheel. The operation of this lever is said to have been made much more precise and direct. I sensed how necessary this improvement was when watching and hearing the taximen in New York change gear with this under-wheel lever. It could not then compare with the slickness and accuracy one finds on an Armstrong-Siddeley or Daimler car gear control.

The New Lucas A.R.P. Headlamp Shield.

Joseph Lucas, Ltd., the great electrical concern in Birmingham, famous for their lighting equipment since the earliest cycling days, have now perfected the new A.R.P. headlamp shield. This is supplied complete with the lamp rim as an integral part of the job, so that all that one has to do is to remove the present rim and glass and fit the new gadget in its place. It is worth noting, too, that a special fitting has been designed for the Morris "Eight" series "E," which has a flush-fitting lamp. Prices vary from 7s. to 9s. 6d. When sending for a shield it is only necessary to quote the type of Lucas headlamp it is required to fit.

Keep a Log.

One of the best ways of keeping a check on your motoring is to start a log and note the speedometer reading every week. You can thus tell at a glance whether you are ahead or behind your monthly mileage ration. A column should also be included for petrol used.

Some Car Storing Hints.

Laying up a car for the duration or part duration of the war needs both care and some knowledge. On this subject the R.A.C., Pall Mall, S.W.1, has issued some very helpful advice which can be obtained in pamphlet form from the above address. One of the chief things

that has to be guarded against is the formation of rust on the exposed metal parts of the engine or chassis, or on other parts from which the paint has been eliminated by wear. A good medium for treating all these parts is Price's red rust preventive, a 1s. 9d. tin of which will be ample for the car. It is red substance of creamlike consistency and can be applied with a brush.

Another vital point that requires attention is the battery. Far and away the most sensible thing to do is to remove it bodily and send it to one of the Lucas or other makers' battery service stations, with instructions to maintain it until it is required again.

Other useful hints are to remove the sparking plugs, insert a teaspoon of engine oil in the cylinders to prevent the formation of rust on the walls, turn the engine by hand a few times and replace the plugs. The upholstery should be brushed and sprinkled with anti-moth preparation, the tyres protected from light and the axles jacked up.

Air Eddies

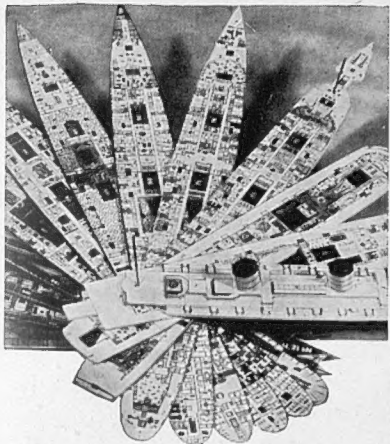
(Continued from page 164)

Civil Aircraft.

One of the most cheering statements of policy I have seen since the war began is the one which, a friend tells me, has been made by Mr. Gordon England of General Aircraft. The point was raised that it would be a pity if the "Cygnet," which had been developed with so much energy and ingenuity, should now suddenly cease production and become nothing more than a memory. Mr. Gordon England replied that he had no intention of letting the "Cygnet" die, or of loosing his hold on such markets for it abroad as seemed to exist. Obviously the export of air material must become a mere shadow of what it was, but it is the duty of the big industrialists to do all they can not to let it die completely. Britain has not only to wage war; she also has to pay for the war. Mr. Gordon England has given a lead which, it is to be hoped, other people in his position will follow.

There has been too much business defeatism going with military victoryism. Actually both business and military sides must work together to obtain victory and neither can really do the job without help from the other. Let us take heart and counsel from the General Aircraft decision.

TAKE TO PIECES MODEL IN COLOUR OF R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"



THERE are few things more intriguing and instructive than these "movable deck" models of R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY." Deck by deck the ship's wonderful interior may be examined. Correct and to scale, all decks are numbered, and details can be identified easily by reference to a guide supplied. The model is 12 inches long, price 3/6, postage and packing inland 9d. extra. Abroad 2/6 extra.

Orders with remittance should be sent to
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HELP

URGENTLY NEEDED for training Crippled Girls

Ninety per cent of the girls in our Crippleage are unemployable in the ordinary channels of industry! They are happy under our care, but thousands of other crippled girls dread the future because they cannot earn a living unaided. We want to help these. And we CAN. By patience and sympathetic understanding, we train such cripples to make artificial flowers and so enable them to become partially self-supporting. Unfortunately, it is all we can do to maintain our present strength—340 girls at Edgware and Clerkenwell. The "WAITING LIST" grows bigger and bigger.

Must we continue to turn a deaf ear to these appeals for help?

WILL YOU JOIN WITH THOSE WHO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THIS NOBLE WORK TO BE EXTENDED?

Annual Report gives fuller details. Please write for a copy.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE
AND FLOWER GIRLS' MISSION
37, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell,
London, E.C.1.

Mr Can't: 'I don't know which way to turn!'



Mr Can: 'Why not turn to Enos?'

The secret of coolness and calmness in times like these, is — *steady nerves*. And you can't have steady nerves if you've poisons and impurities in your system If it was a good thing to take Enos's in peace time, how much more so in war time! Give yourself the best possible start to the day — by starting it with Enos's. Away go all the poisons from your bloodstream, the liver spots from your eyes. You *feel* steady and confident and at your best. In fact — a Mr. Can! Keep plenty of Enos's in the house just now — for all the family.

Enos's 'Fruit Salt'

- Enos costs only 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6 at all chemists
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SPORTING PRINTS

The value today of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, the late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.

PRICES FROM
ONE GUINEA

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY
70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor (temporary address: Lavershot Hall, Windlesham, Surrey), appeal most earnestly for a widowed gentlewoman no longer strong enough to work, who is living in a bed-sitting room with her daughter in great poverty. The daughter's slender earnings are their sole support. Please help with this case as the daughter's earnings are growing less in these desperately difficult days.

Men and women of the Army, Navy and Air Force, and members of the Regular Fire Brigades and Police Forces who may be blinded in the present war will be cared for by St. Dunstan's. This was arranged before the war in a series of conferences including representatives of the Fighting Services, the Ministries of Pensions and Health, and St. Dunstan's.

It was agreed that St. Dunstan's should establish a war hospital for serious eye cases and other incidental wounds as an integral part of its organization and that the authorities concerned would concentrate the cases there so soon as they could be moved. Importance is attached to early training of the newly blinded.

A year ago St. Dunstan's completed the building of a convalescent home on the Sussex Downs near Brighton, it is now a converted war hospital capable of taking two hundred patients. A well equipped operating-theatre block containing up-to-date ophthalmic and general theatres is rapidly nearing completion and naturally will be of the utmost value. This new theatre block,

together with the incidental expenses of the conversion, at a total cost of £7,000, was the generous gift of Lord Nuffield whose munificence knows no limit and has been manifested in so many directions.

The Boys Hostels Association (President: The Viscount Leverhulme; Chairman: Sir Ernest Benn, Bt., C.B.E.)

keeps and cares for nearly 300 working boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age at King George's House, Stockwell, and the John Benn Hostel, Stepney. These boys cannot be evacuated—they are at their working posts of duty. Funds are exhausted and the position of the association is desperate. Please send immediate help or ask for fuller particulars from the Warden, King George's House, 42 Stockwell Road, S.W.9

The National Sporting Club announces for tomorrow, November 2, the attraction of a return ten-round contest between Arthur Danahar and Harry Craster. This return contest has been arranged at the request of the majority of the members who were at the initial contest, for it provided possibly one of the greatest fights we have ever seen at the club. The proceeds of the tournament will go to the Frances Day Penny Fund, which has been created to provide games for the troops, and in order to make the show an even greater success, Miss Day has arranged that immediately following the boxing, a number of well-known stars will appear to entertain the members.

Tickets for members and their guests are £1 1s. each, and as the supply is limited, we shall be glad if you will make early application, enclosing your cheque made out in favour of Miss Day.



Truman Howell

"GERT" AND "DAISY" THROW A PARTY

The scene of action was the New Theatre, Cardiff, and the gentleman in the front row with those amusing people Elsie and Doris Waters, is "Orris." The object of the show was to banish the war. In the rear rank are Bill Dwyer, Ronald Frankau, Les Allen, Flight Lieutenant V. Elkington, Charlie Clapham, Major A. L. D'Abreu, the famous surgeon now R.A.M.C., Bill Youngman, well known on screen and stage and present manager of the New Theatre, Cardiff, Russ Carr and Olive Grey



DANDIE

Property of Miss Hazlerigg

The Deerhound is one of the finest of breeds, he combines extreme beauty with a delightful character. Also he is a breed which can be kept in these days, as though he is a big dog, he is not a large eater, and like all big dogs can curl up in a small space. For some time after the departure of his occupation the breed languished, but of late years it has come very much to the front, as people have found out what charming dogs Deerhounds are. None must be more pleased at this than the Misses Loughrey, as the satisfactory condition of the breed nowadays is largely owing to their labours. They have bred and owned many famous dogs, and sent Deerhounds all over the world. The photograph is of them and their famous team. Deerhounds are one of the breeds that must not be let go and I do not think it will be as it has true and loyal friends. When peace comes again I hope to see the "Of Ross" affix as much to the fore as ever.

Dandies and Sealyhams are two of the most popular breeds at present, both on the show bench and as companions. They are both hardy, intelligent and sporting, and make excellent country companions. The Sealyham has not

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

One hysterical manifestation of the last war has, so far, been spared us; the attack on the Dachshund. Nothing more degrading could be imagined. How any sane person could persecute an unfortunate little dog because of its nationality is incomprehensible. But they did; people were afraid to take their Dachshunds out. The Dachshund happens to be a specially attractive little dog, which has been known in this country for many years, but that is not the question, which is the deplorable mentality of its persecutors. Mercifully this is not happening now.

been very long before the public, he was first seen just before the last war: the Dandie has been known for much longer, he owes his original introduction to the world to Sir Walter Scott, but he is certainly an old Border breed; the Sealyham dates from the middle of last century. Miss Hazlerigg has a well-known kennel of both these breeds, and does well at shows in and near London, though she does not often go further north. She has some very nice Dandie and Sealyham puppies for sale now, really lovely ones, prices most moderate owing to the times. There are also some very good Dachshund puppies, whose ages range from two up to four months.

I always think the name "Toy" rather a foolish one. It ranks in my mind with "Pet," a term to which I have the greatest aversion. "Toy" and "Pet" dogs conjure up silly, snappy, spoilt little animals unfit to take their part in any world. There is no place for "Toys" and "Pets" now; the modern small dog, once a Toy, is full of go and life, able to take his place anywhere, strong and not faddy. All small dogs are full of brains and character if given a chance and one of the brainiest is the Brussels Griffon. He is a hardy, healthy little dog (I may mention mine is doing well on horse flesh) full of energy and devoted to one person.

Mrs. Ionides's Griffons are well known, she sends an entrancing photograph of two of them. As every one knows she has a famous kennel and has won many prizes. There are Griffons of all ages and colours for sale at this moment, also Poodles.

Letters to: Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, near Southampton, who will always be pleased to receive good clear photographs of all breeds for reproduction.



GRIFFONS

Property of Mrs. Ionides



WINNING DEERHOUNDS

Property of the Misses Loughrey

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Gas-proof and splinter-proof rooms with lavatory

Suites and rooms all centrally heated with h. and c., and multi-spring beds are available now. English staff, every modern comfort, moderate tariff

CARLTON HOTEL

Right on sea-front. Full South. Five-star A.A. Private suites if desired. Hot or cold sea-water baths. Tel.: 6560. Garage 60 cars.

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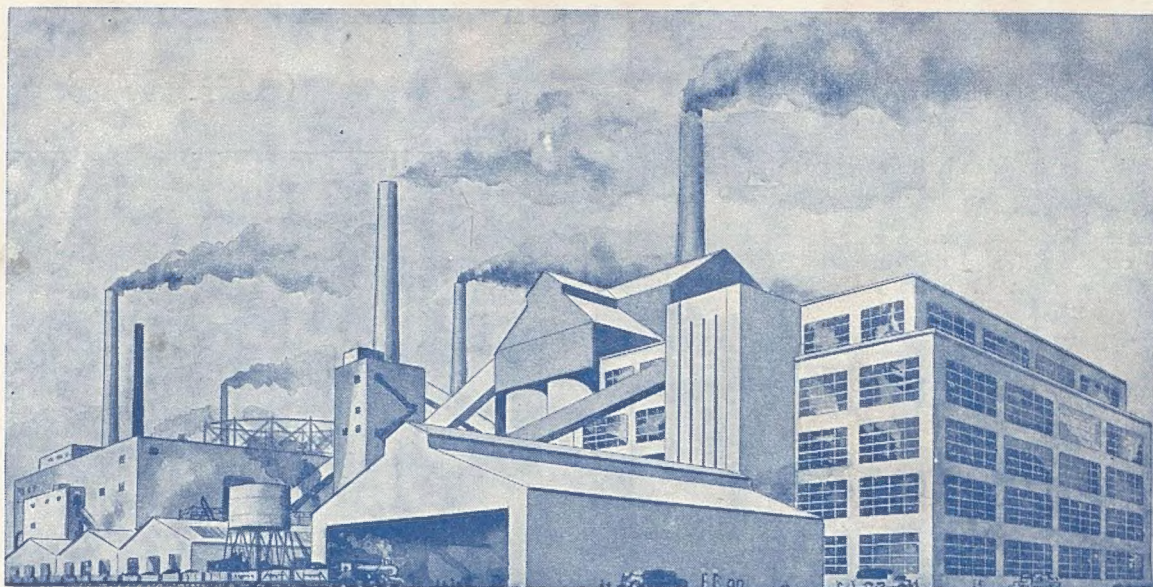
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